SAN DIEGO

THE BIRTHPLACE of CALIFORNIA





THE KINGDOM of the SUN



Kingdom of the Sun

The Art Magazine De Luxe
for
The Library Table De Luxe

CONTAINING OVER ONE HUNDRED CAMERA CATCHES FLASHED FROM THE BIG OUT-OF-DOORS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Showing the Transition of the Desert in a Picture Itinerary
from
Squaw to Lady
Gunny-sack to Ermine
Burro to Electric
and
Greasewood to Skyscraper

PUBLISHED
BY
LILLIAN D. GREGORY
"MESALAND"
ORO GRANDE, CALIFORNIA

The Kingdom of the Sun is issued quarterly. Price, 50 cts. per copy

To all parties desiring an annual subscription, a special price of $1.00 and postage extra will be made, entitling the subscriber to any additional numbers at the rate of $1.00 for four magazines, the regular price to non-subscribers being 50 cents per copy



Kingdom of the Sun

IN A CAMERA-TRIP
FROM
THE NEEDLES TO THE SEA

Life-O-Graphing
Some of the Big Out-Doors
of Sunny
Southern California

Every issue a wonderful story
in pictures—
from "Desert Door
to Sunset Shore"

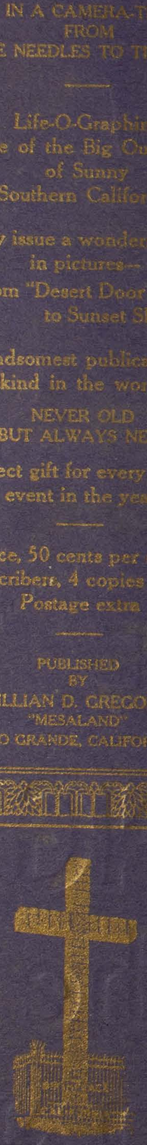
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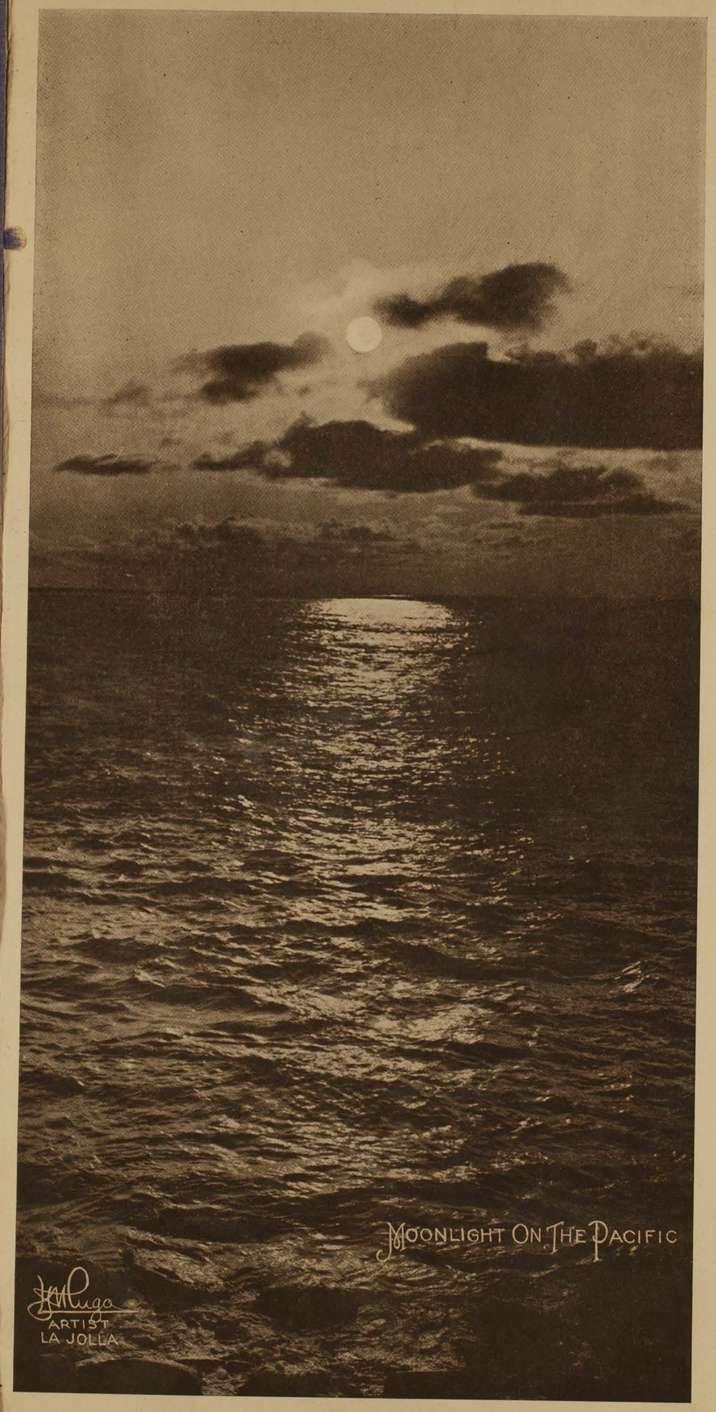
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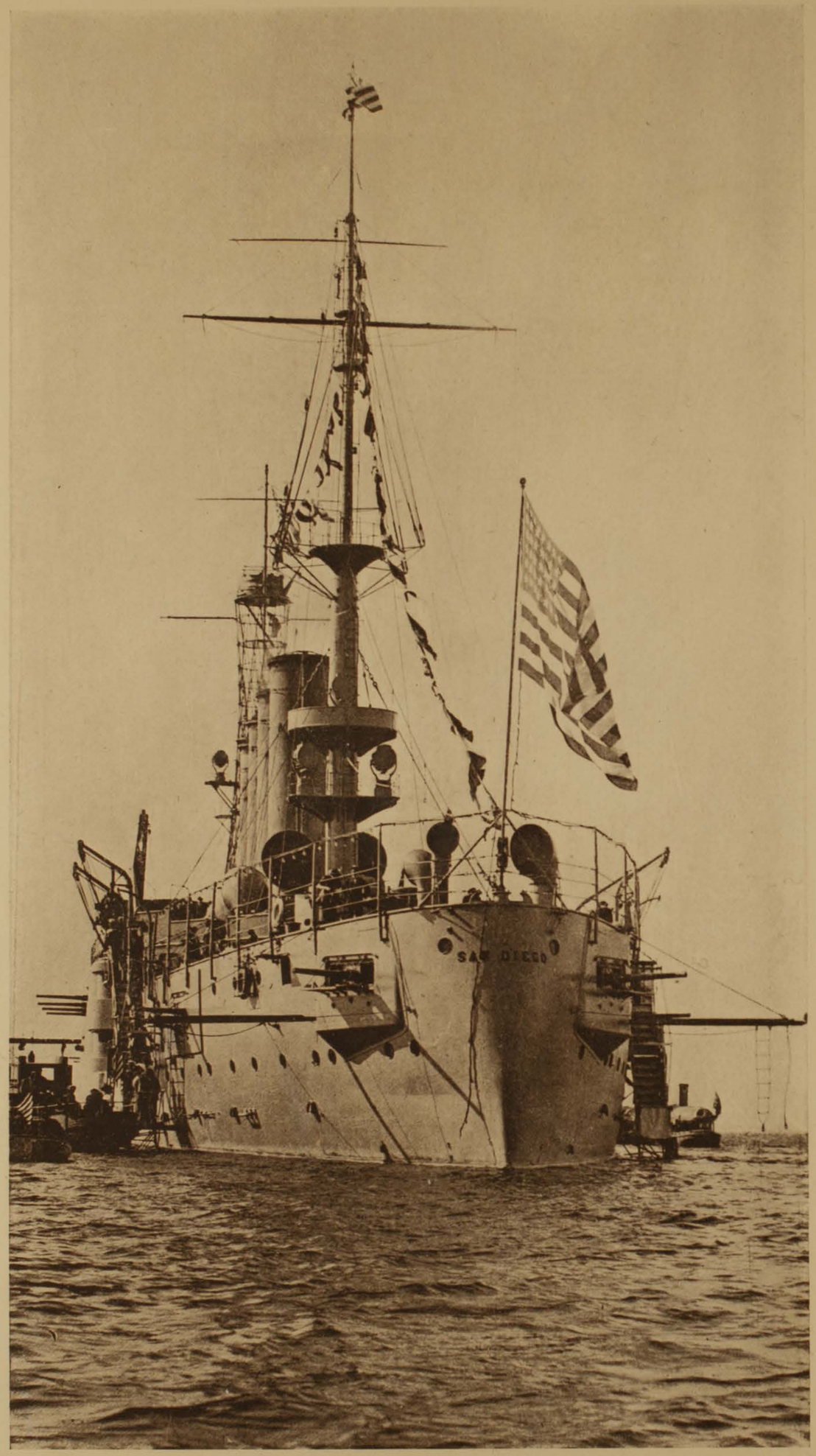
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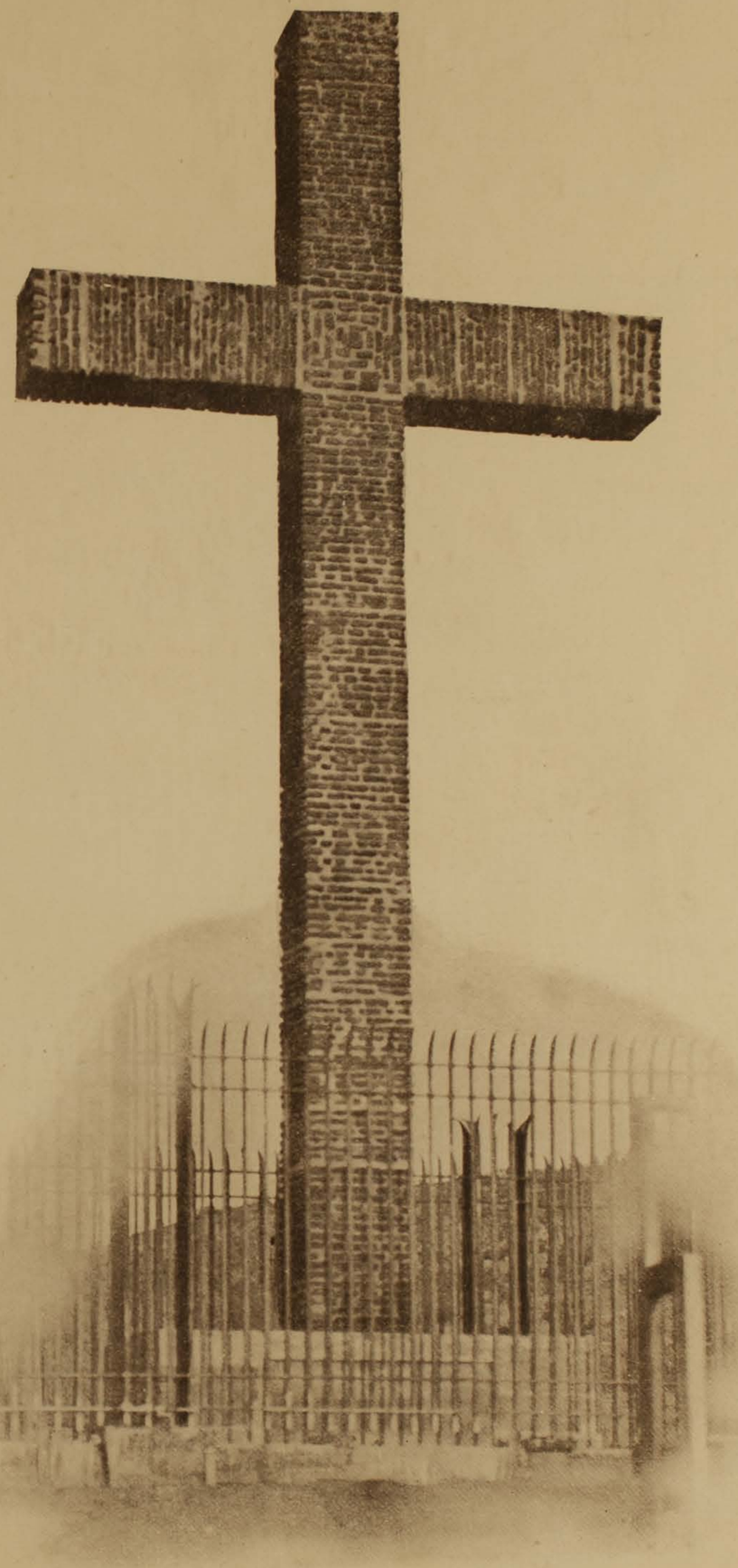
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THE CRUISER SAN DIEGO

One of Uncle Sam's efficient guardians of the Western Coast



THE PLYMOUTH ROCK OF THE PACIFIC

Here the Cross was Planted by Father Serra in the Year 1769.



Then grow as God hath planted, grow
A lordly oak or daisy low,
As he hath set his garden; be
Just what thou art, or grass or tree.
—Joaquin Miller.

The
Yesterday
and Today
of
San
Diego



THE PALM COURT AND FOUNTAIN IN FRONT OF THE PALATIAL U. S. GRANT HOTEL, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



THE CALL OF CALIFORNIA.

By John S. McGroarty.

Of old she called with her lips of song,
She called with her breath of musk
From peaks where the sunlight lingered long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk;



Around Del Mar With Its Serried Cliffs and Magnificent Surf.

She called to the seas with their tides of tang,
To the ships of the far-off fleet,
And they came in the lure of the song she sang,
With their white sails, to her feet.



One of San Diego's Seaside Resorts and Its Alluring Surf.

So, like a mother with bursting breast,
She claimed the brood of the seas,
And the flaming lips of her wild love pressed
Upon them, about her knees;







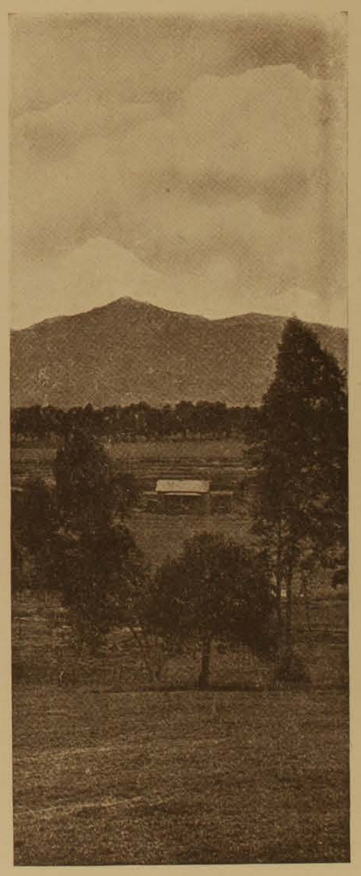
National Highway in San Diego County







National Highway in San Diego County









San Diego Mission, First Founded in California by Junipero Serra



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The Mission Bells of the Arts and Crafts Building, San Diego Exposition



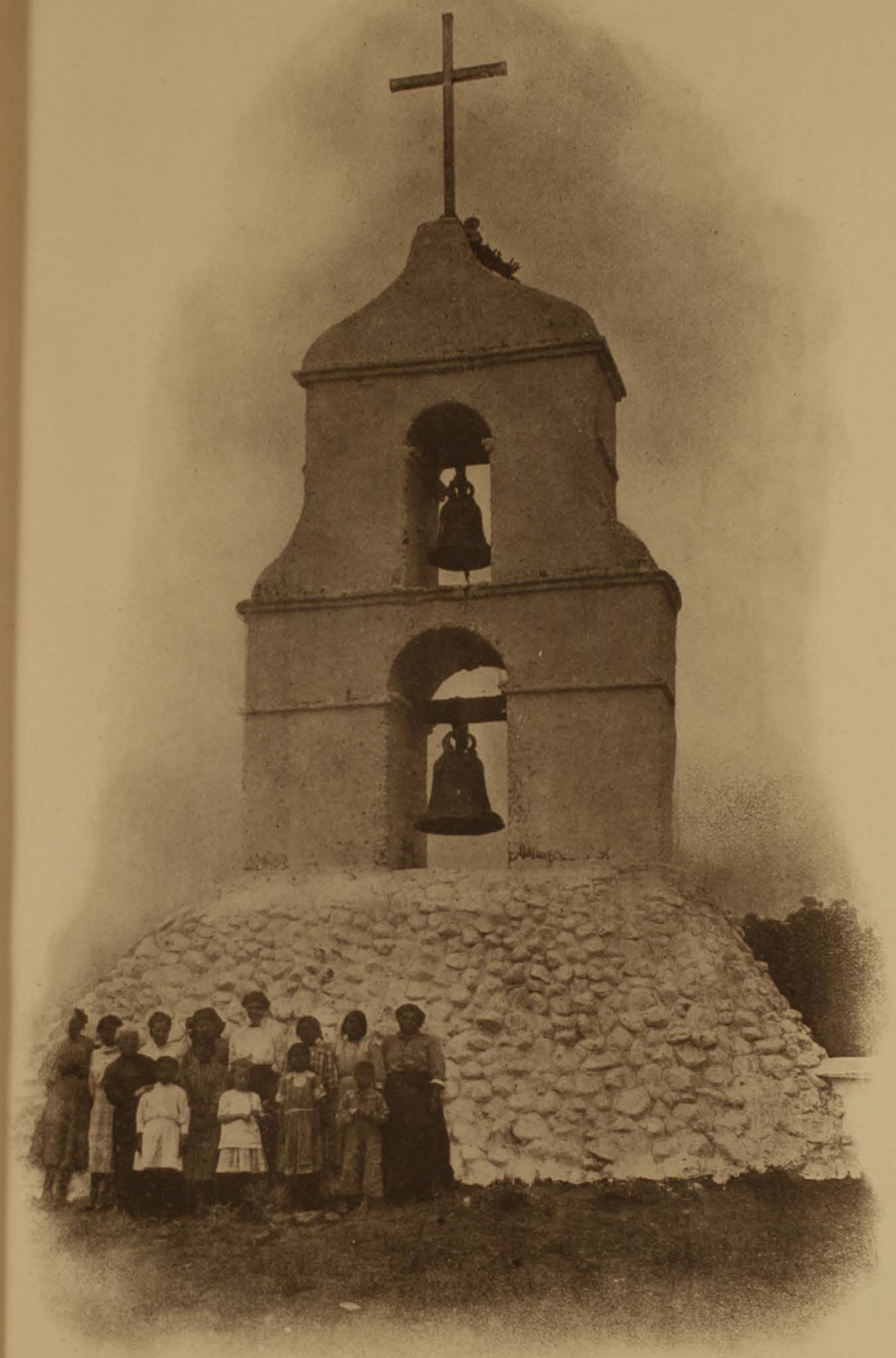
San Luis Rey Mission.



San Antonio d
Pala, an auxiliar
to San Luis Re
Mission.

The only Mission
with outside bel
tower.

A few of the Pala
Indian lace mak-
ers—and early San
Diego with its
Harbor of the Sun

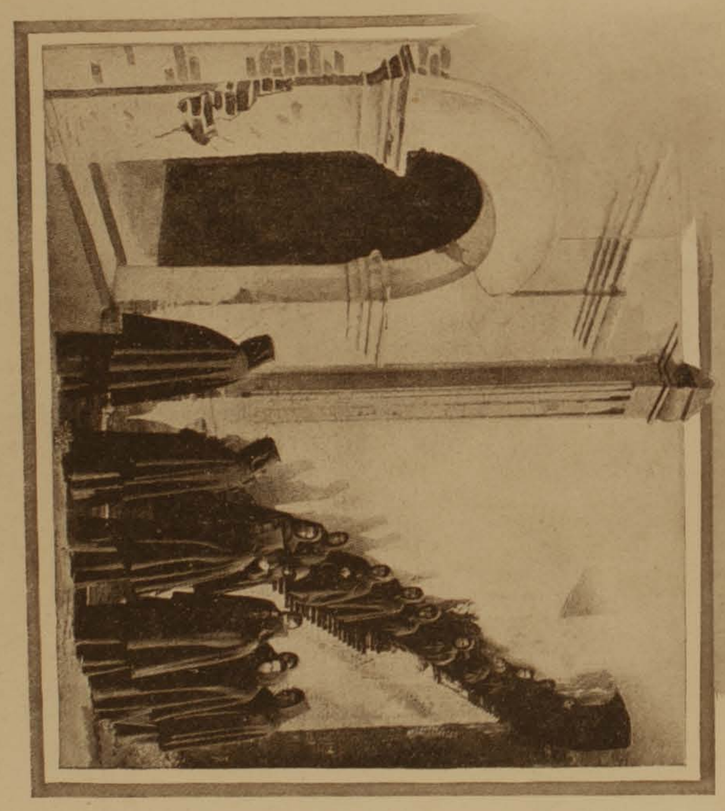




She crooned them to sleep on her bosom fair,
Where their happy hearts were lain,
And they laughed in her eyes that wrapped them there,
Like their old, warm skies of Spain.



California Missions







Here the Tourist catches the first glimpse of the Grand Pacific from the car window at Serra station on the Santa Fe.



MISSION LECTURE—BY T. P. GETZ

To the visitors of California nothing excites more interest than the chain of 21 Old Missions which extends from San Diego in the Southland to Sonoma on the north. Built about 40 miles apart, "one day's journey on horseback," they are connected by a well defined road known as "El Camino Real" (The Royal or King's Highway). They were built by Indian labor under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers from 1769 until 1823, and were marvels of mechanical and engineering skill. At the Missions the Indians were taught the Christian religion and to do the work of the white man. When first founded each Mission had a small garrison of soldiers to protect them from the hostile Indians. They enjoyed their greatest prosperity from 1769 until 1800, during which time the Franciscans had built 18 Missions as follows: San Diego De Alcala, San Carlos Borromeo Carmel, San Antonio De Padua, San Gabriel Arcangel, San Luis Obispo De Tolosa, San Francisco De Asis, San Juan Capistrano, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, La Purisima Concepcion, San Juan Batista, San Jose, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, Nuestra Senora De La Soledad, San Miguel, San Fernando Rey De Espana and San Luis Rey De Espana, and had influenced and controlled over 40,000 Indians. After the year 1800 they built only three Missions, Santa Inez in 1804, San Rafael in 1817 and the last one at Sonoma in 1823.

To Father Junipero Serra must be given the credit of founding the California Missions. He was born on the Island of Majorca, off the coast of Spain, in 1713, and died at Monterey in 1784, where the Indians in their frantic grief, fought for the threads of his poor brown robe and the scanty white locks of his hair. Serra was one of California's greatest characters.



SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION





"NOT AS I WILL"

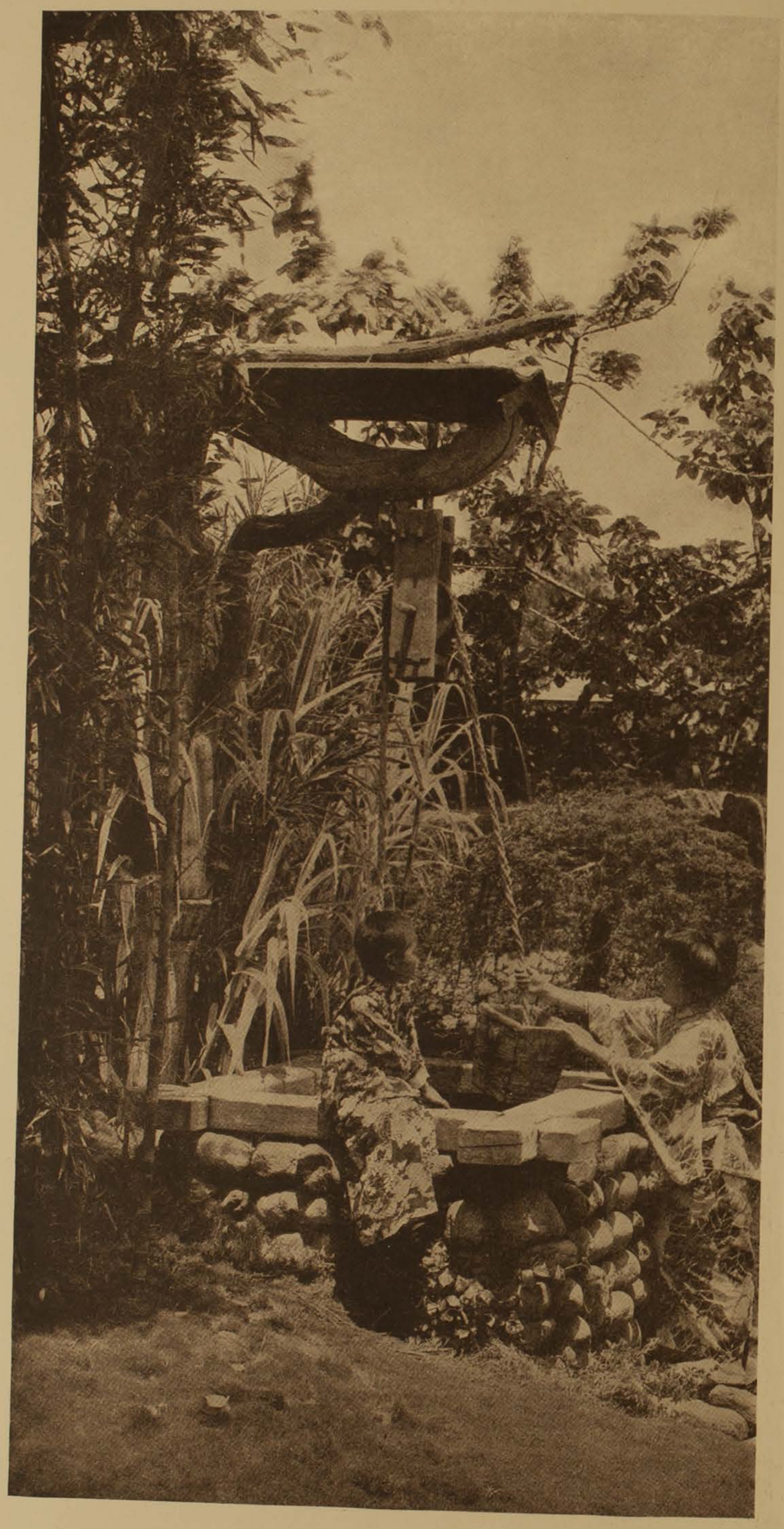
By Helen Hunt Jackson
Author of Ramona

Blinded and alone, I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road,
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days, so long, so long,
Yet this one thing, I learn to know,
Each day, more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill,
By changeless law is ordered still,
Not as I will; not as I will!



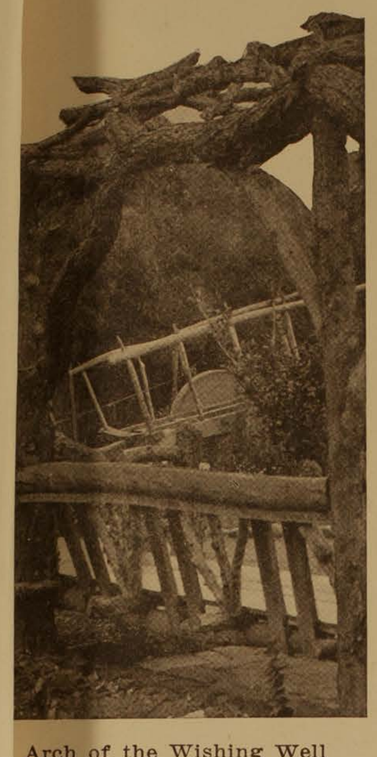


Ramona's Marriage Place at Old San Diego



Well at Japanese
Tea Garden, Coronado





Arch of the Wishing Well

Ramona's Marriage Place

Old Town—San Diego, California

"There's a certain charm about it,
With its flowers and its bees,
That seems to rest your spirit
And set your heart at ease.
It brings back fond old memories
That time can not quite efface,
And you feel that God is smiling
On Ramona's Marriage Place."

Twenty minutes' ride from the business heart of the thriving, bustling city of San Diego, reached by the car line marked "Ramona's Home," lies the sleepy little hamlet known as "Old Town." From the window of a railroad coach, or whirling by in an automobile, "Old Town" would hardly be given a passing glance, yet, this very "Old Town" was the beginning of all California, for here the brown-robed Franciscan, Junipero Serra planted the Cross in 1769 and established the first of the chain of 21 Missions that dot El Camino Real, "The King's Highway," from San Diego to Sonoma. Here General Fremont in 1846, first planted the United States flag on Southern California soil. Here is the old church with its first Mission bells, brought from Spain. The first palm trees; the old graveyard with its crumbling walls and faded headboards; the first brick house in California; the Church of the Immaculate Conception started in 1869 by Father Ubach (Father Gaspara in the novel Ramona) and which was not completed until 1914; the first jail, the Serra Cross built of old tile, and the "Marriage Place of Ramona", can all be seen in a half hour's stroll.



Old-time Flowers

Yet all this would be forgotten and unnoticed and "Old Town" would know naught of the many visitors that come to California, were it not for the fact that away back in 1854, that charming and gifted woman, Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, gathered in Southern California the material around which she wove "Ramona," a story so beautiful, so throbbing with love, life and sympathy, that it thrilled the reading world. She said that her heroine was married to Alessandro, her Indian sweetheart, in the low adobe building just across from the Plaza in Old Town, San Diego. So, for ever so many years, the old Estudillo house, which covers nearly a city block, has been known as the "Marriage Place of Ramona." Facing the "Old Town" Plaza, where the United States flag was first planted in Southern California, the front of Ramona's Marriage Place occupies the entire block, each wing being nearly 75 feet long. The house is built of adobe (which is mud, cactus juice and straw, fashioned into large brick, baked



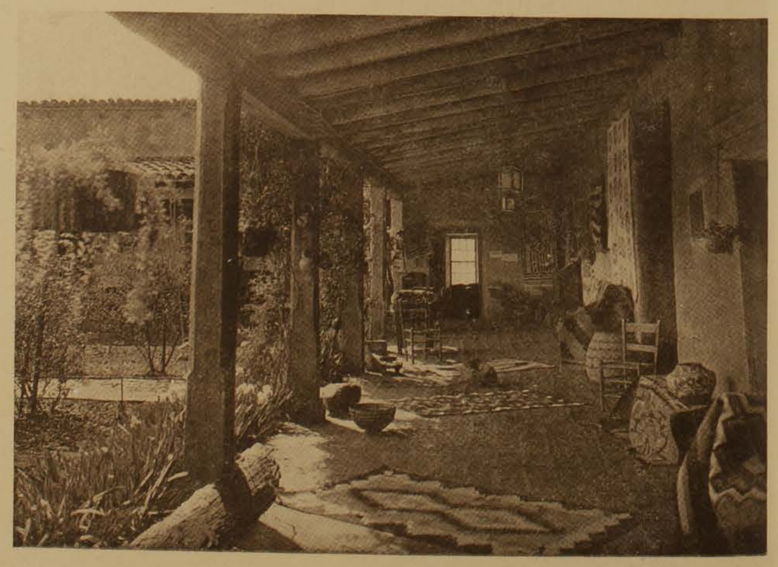
The old, old place, before Mr. John D. Spreckels restored the ruins and made it one of the historical exhibits of the coast

in the sun) the walls being from two to four feet thick, and roofed with tiles resting on huge timbers, brought from the Cuyamaca mountains—brought on the shoulders of the Mission Indians, who worked in relays and carried fifty-foot timbers a distance of forty miles in two days. The beams are bound together with rawhide thongs, no nails being used. Across the beams are laid the shoots of Caresa (a tule grass from the neighboring creeks) and upon this is laid the Mission curved tile, which formed gutters to carry off the roof in the rainy season.

The building surrounds a patio or courtyard about 75 by 150 feet, the southern end of which is sheltered by beautiful yellow acacia, olive and pepper trees. In the center is the fountain and all colors of lilies bloom in the basin, into which the water falls in a feathery spray.

The old garden is a riot of color, flowering shrubbery, climbing vines, roses and a host of old-fashioned flowers are always blooming summer and winter between the sanded walks. Scattered about are orange, lemon, kumquat, figs, mulberry, guava, zapate and Calatina cherry trees, which all blossom and fruit in season. In the building are twelve large rooms (which open into the Patio) and the family Chapel, for the Estudillos were devotees of the faith. After 1834 when Mexico secularized the Missions many of the treasures from the San Diego Mission were brought here, some of the Mission bells being on wooden beams in the Patio, and the Estudillo Chapel became the only public place of worship in San Diego for many years.

Built originally in 1825 by Don Jose Estudillo, a pure Castilian whose family became prominent in California Mission history, it became the favorite gathering place for the culture and refinement of Southern California.

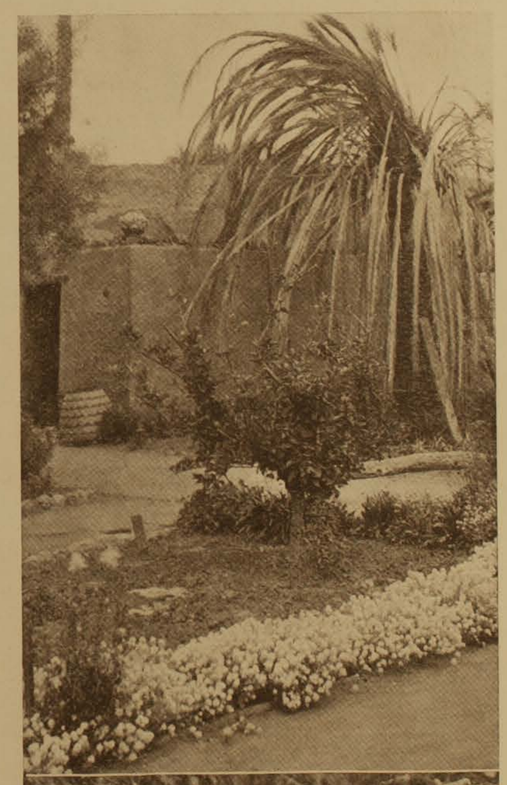


nd the generosity and the hospitality of the Estudillos made them loved by l. Three generations of them occupied the old home, the last one being lvador, son of Jose Antonio, who, on moving to Los Angeles in 1887, left in charge of a keeper, who betrayed the trust placed in him by Salvador fter Ramona was written and the Estudillo house was given as the house Father Gaspara), selling to the visiting strangers anything they demanded a souvenir of the old house, even to the huge brass door keys, tile from e roof or floor, wrought-iron fixtures and candlesticks and chips and splinrs from the hand-hewn woodwork, until the once beautiful place became e pitiful ruin so often pictured.

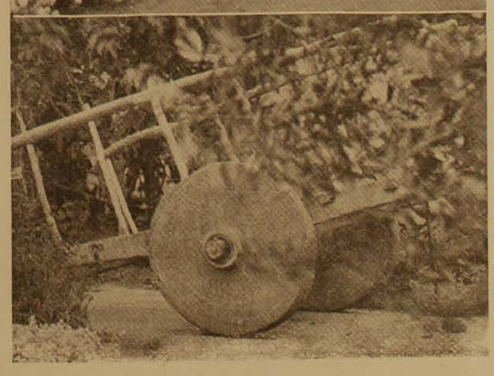
But the tender tradition of Ramona's marriage, which had taken place ithin this house, never departed from it. Every passerby recalled it to ind, and it was always called to the attention of the visitor and stranger.

It was restored in 1910 by Mr. John D. Spreckels, and it is, aside from e romance connected with it, one of the most beautiful and interesting laces in the world. As Mrs. Jackson told the story, Ramona, the daughter a Scotch sailor, a trader among the Indians, and an Indian mother and ster daughter to a wealthy Spanish family, had eloped and wandered with lessandro, all the way from Camulos Ranch to San Diego, to be married by ather Gaspara, whom Alessandro said was a friend of the Indians. Dear d Father Salvadero was then at Santa Barbara, or dead, as Alessandro ight secretly have thought. He had not been heard from in a long time. nyway, Alessandro preferred to journey to San Diego. He believed he uld more successfully elude pursuit in that direction, for it is to be remembered, he had eloped with Ramona, and they both knew what a terrible ning the wrath of Senora Morena would be when the knowledge of their ct reached her.

Perhaps the most delightful and fascinating part of this story is the cital of the prenuptial journey f the lovers down that golden retch of country that lies between Camulos and San Diego's Harbor of the Sun in the California of the South. The story of e days in the wonderful Canyon f the Ferns which Alessandro had iscovered, and where sweet Ramona wished they might live forver, is found on that journey, and any others like it.



The ruins of Pala and the glories f San Luis Rey Mission, now restored, are a'so on that road, and e golden hills that watch above e sunset sea are there as well. o it was in Old Town that Rahona was married and the old Esudillo Patio teems with the same omance today. At the end of a owered pergola stands the Wishing Well," over which on n old weather-beaten board is the llowing inscription:



Quaff ye the waters of Ramona's
Well;
ood luck they bring and secrets
tell;
lessed were they by sandaled
Friar;
o drink and wish for thy desire."



Part of Wishing Well

Here one can see the old Spanish oven, M
ican carreta, first stage coach in California,
"Cactus Patch" and the Crystal bowl.

The house is filled with quaint old relics
the past, including the furniture from the b
room of the late Father Horton (founder
San Diego), the wonderful Black Mador
from Monserrate, shrine from the old Missi
of San Miguel, Pasquel Perez, painting of Sa
Francis of Assis, first Mission chair, Mrs. He
Hunt Jackson's chair, and hundreds of cur
of old California. In the lecture room, throu
a Mission arch, one looks upon a cyclora
painting of California, showing the old Missio
and the geographical points covered in the sto
of "Ramona." Here one sees the full glare
day, the rising and setting sun, the twinkli
stars and lighted windows, and hears the cha
ing picture story which has been woven abo
the Missions and Ramona by Mr. T. P. Ge
the lessee and manager, a man possessed o
soul and loving reverence for the past and t
memory of Ramona.

His presence in the place is a delight to
visitors with whom his patience and pains a
inexhaustible. He is a sunny, kindly man, a
his daily lecture on the history of the old hou
with its memories of Ramona, is a consta
treat to all that enter its restored and beauti
walls.

In a quaint little sitting room, whose wa
are hung with old family portraits, one finds the following wholeso
thoughts:

"Smile awhile, and while you smile
Another smiles;
And soon there's miles and miles
Of smiles;
And life's worth while
Because you smile."

A motto above the door reads:

"This is a good place to sit down
and write a letter home to Mother."



Old Spanish Oven, Ramona's Marriage Place

Out in the Patio the bees are buzzing around the kitchen door and all is so calm and peaceful that one involuntarily stops to rest. A mocking bird in a near-by tree attracts you with a sad, wierd call, like a cry from the past, recalling long, summer days, when only the sun and the bees were awake; long, warn moonlight nights, when filmy mantillas draped coyly over velvet eyes, and gallant caballeros played serenades outside grilled windows; days when everything was "Manana" (to-morrow), when love and beauty, toil and bitter struggles, mixed in a kaleidoscope of real and unreal. It recalls the evening in Mrs. Jackson's beautiful story when Ramona crept with her Indian lover in the dusk across the plaza where they had tethered their Indian ponies, and looking into the windows of the house, saw the lights. They entered and asked Father Gaspara to marry them. The good Padre saw at once that Alessandro was an Indian, but Ramona was so much fairer, so evidently refined in her beauty, that the priest asked her if she were an Indian. "My mother was an Indian," she replied proudly. And so they were married to live only a few years together—Ramona and her Indian lover. The world knows their story and tender sympathies are touched once again by the associations and surroundings, while the beautiful San Diego Harbor of the Sun, into which Cabrillo sailed nearly 400 years ago, stretches away from Ramona's Marriage Place, the bright waters always shining under skies that are always blue.

THE CALL OF CALIFORNIA

By John S. McGroarty

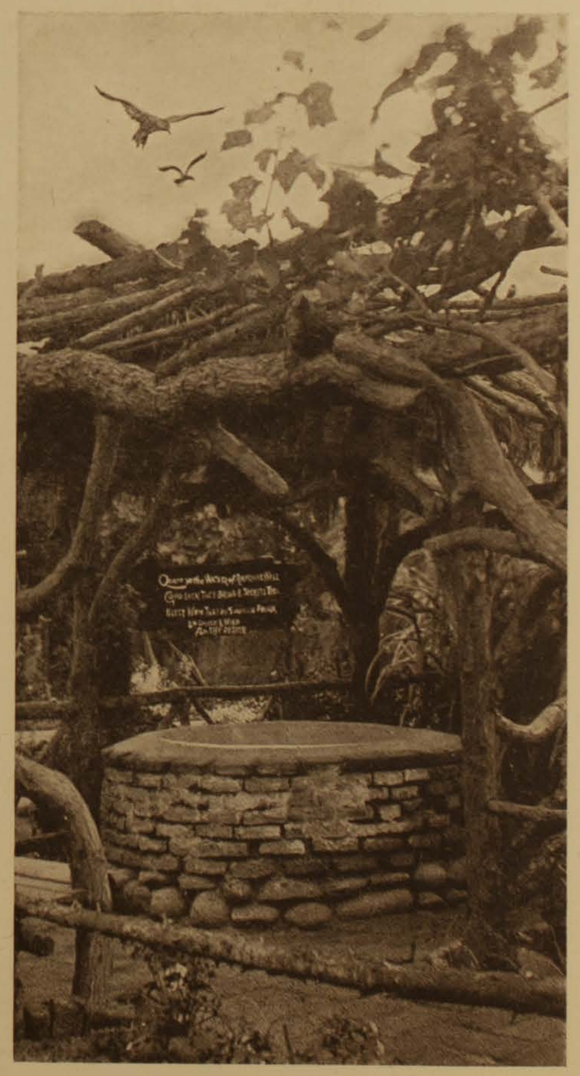
Again she called, and from far away,
Over desert and mountain keep,
In lands where the wind-swept prairies lay,
And the ice-clasped torrents sleep.

She dreamed of her bounty brimming o'er
With its largess of field and plain,
And then from the sweep of the sunlit shore
Her fond lips called again.

They heard her voice, like a golden chime,
And in dreams they saw her rise
From the golden streams in a golden clime
'Neath the blue of faithful skies.



Wishing Well



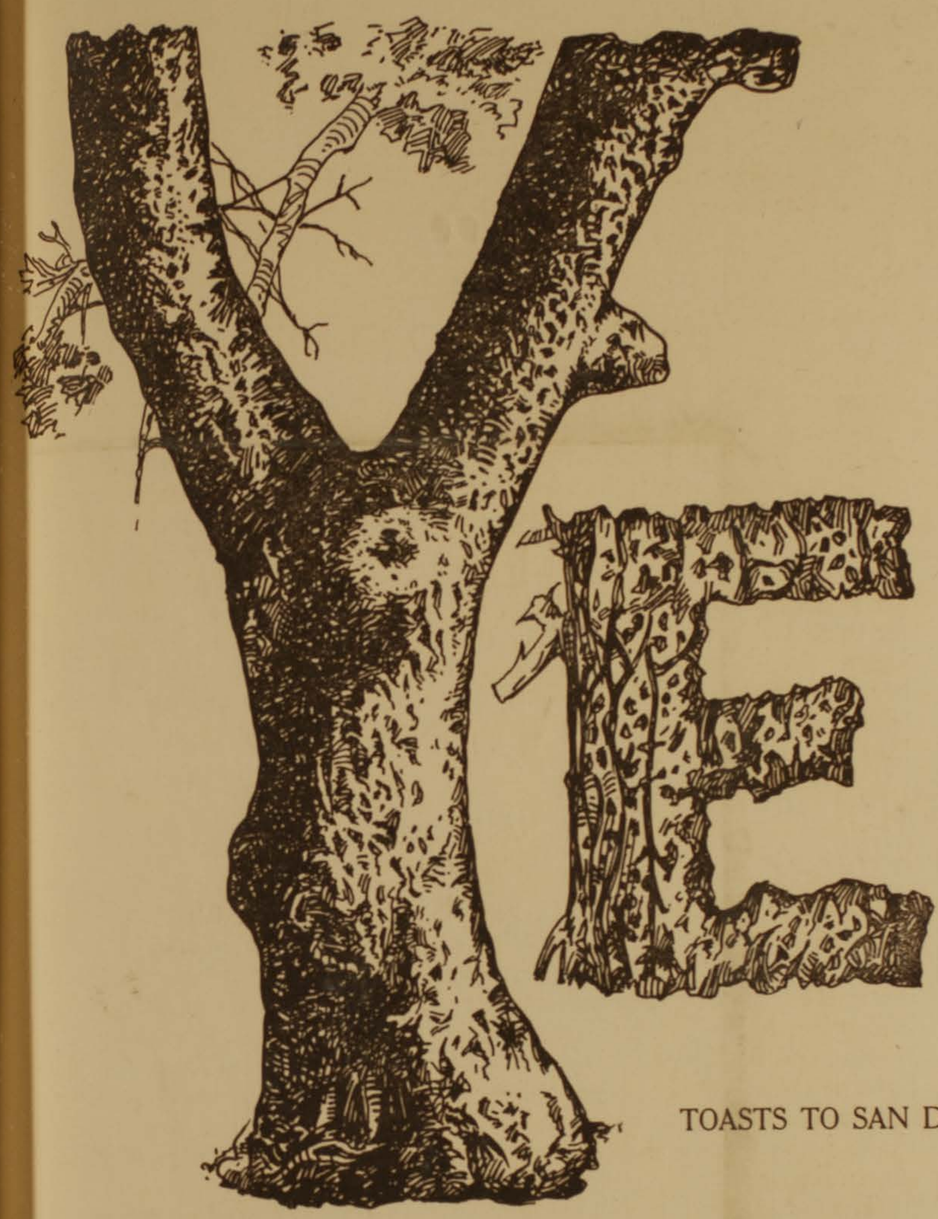
MOJAVE'S REPRESENTATIVES AT THE FAIR

Ervin Ellsworth Richardson and Marion Pauline Richardson, selected by the Kingdom of the Sun to represent the Mojave Desert at the opening of the San Diego Panama-California Exposition



These little cousins making merry at Hallowe'en-time, at Mrs. Ervin Ellsworth Richardson's beautiful desert villa overlooking the Mojave River, Victorville, Cal. Below is seen in the distance the Mojave River—the nourishing source of life of the desert region.





TOASTS TO SAN DIEGO

THE HARBOR OF THE SUN

The sunlight of the morning across the far hills broke,
From the dawn the veils of mist fell and faded as I woke;
The sea was bathed with glory in a sweep of swirling fire,
And I wandered with my soul in the Land of Heart's Desire.

The lemon was in blossom, and, shimmered in between,
Glowed the gold of the orange and the olive's flash of green;
I could see them from the waters that rippled, blue and bright,
On the Bay of San Diego in the golden morning light.

'Tis still as God has made it in the gladness of His dreams,
With the never-ending summer that forever o'er it gleams—
The mystic seas beyond it in the sunlight's golden fire,
And the Bay of San Diego in the Land of Heart's Desire.

JOHN S. McGROARTY.

YE WILL FIND
CLUB ACTIVITIES
IN SAN DIEGO

SAN DIEGO CLUBS

The Amphion Club was organized in September, 1893, by a small band of musicians and music-lovers, with the object of stimulating a higher degree of musical intelligence among its members and of elevating the musical taste of the community. Its membership now numbers over 600. The Club gives fortnightly concerts for its members, from the middle of October to the end of April each year, at least half of which are given by artists of national or international reputation. The meetings for these artists days are held at the Spreckels Theatre, and the local meetings at the Wednesday Club House. Miss Gertrude Gilbert, who is serving her sixth year as president, is an indefatigable worker and an enthusiast whose personal efforts have brought the Club to its present position as the leading musical organization of the city.

WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB.

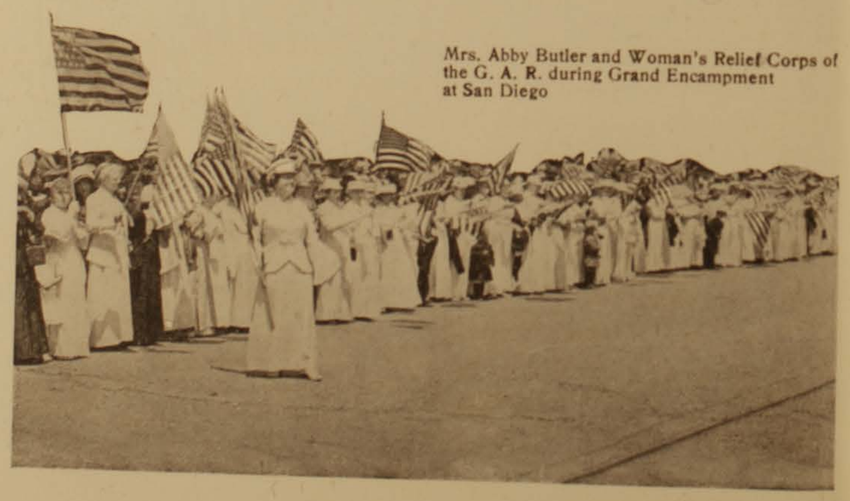
By Josephine Page Wright

Three years ago Mrs. S. C. Payson of this city recognized the desirability of a local organization to which women of creative-artistic ability would be eligible. Mrs. Payson believes that all worthy dreams should seek material expression. She called to her aid Mrs. H. P. Newman, Mrs. Arthur Ballentine, Mrs. C. S. Tainter, Mrs. M. E. Fagin and other representative women, and within a fortnight the San Diego Press Club had been organized. Later it seemed desirable to change the name to the Woman's Press Club.

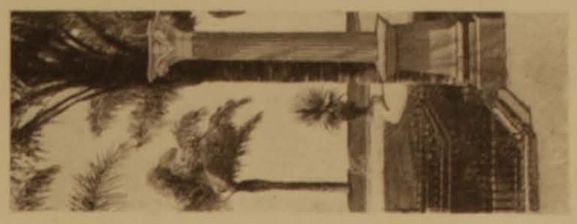
The club has been remarkably strong from its inception, and today includes in its membership many who have won permanent success in their chosen lines of literary and artistic effort.

The purposes of the club are to promote fellowship among women writers, composers of music and illustrators, and to be the medium through which members and their guests may meet professional visitors of note. The membership is limited to those who are writing, composing music or illustrating for publication.

Meetings of the club are held regularly twice a month, and special meetings are called when distinguished writers or artists from other cities are invited to address the members. The first meeting of the month is devoted to informal discussion of the technique of some form of writing. The market



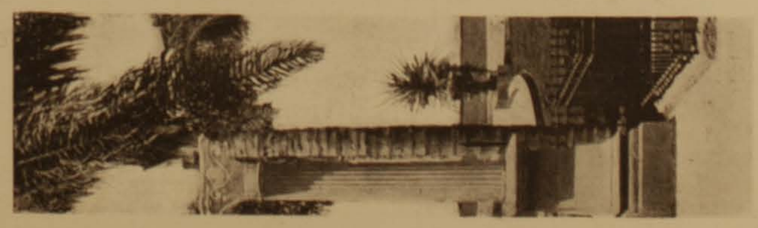
Mrs. Abby Butler and Woman's Relief Corps of the G. A. R. during Grand Encampment at San Diego



Rest Rooms for Women in the heart of San Diego, on the Plaza. Built by the City of San Diego, through the initiative and influence of the Civic Association



San Diego Club—the most influential and prominent of the Women's Societies of San Diego



possibilities of this form are also considered. The second meeting is given to the reading and criticism of original manuscripts.

To membership in the Woman's Press Club has been attracted writers of plays that have had successful production on the coast and in the east, authors of novels that have had paying sales, writers of verse and short stories that find a place on the index page of standard magazines every month.

Present officers of the Woman's Press Club are:

President, Mrs. Thos. B. Wright.
Vice-President, Mrs. John B. Starkey.
Recording Secretary, Miss Rebecca Strutton.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Edgar H. Brown.
Treasurer, Mrs. John J. Hetzell.

STONEWALL JACKSON CHAPTER NO. 476, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

On the first day of May, 1901, a loyal band of women met and organized themselves into a chapter, there being several other chapters throughout California.

Mrs. Mattie S. Davis, assisted by Maj. Hugh Gwynn, an esteemed veteran, were leading spirits in organizing this Chapter. They met in Hotel Brewster. Mr. Daggett, the proprietor, being a Southern man, extended the ladies a temporary meeting place. There were seventeen charter members.

The name of Stonewall Jackson was selected. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson lived for a time in San Diego, and was made our first honorary president.

The objects of our organization, as embodied in our constitutions, are social, benevolent, historical and memorial.

It is to bring together all women throughout our Bay City, San Diego, who are qualified, wives, daughters or nieces of Confederate soldiers: to unite these women by similar ties of loyalty to memories and principles; to fulfill duties of sacred charity toward Confederate veterans and their descendants; to collect and preserve material for the history of the war between the Confederate States and the United States of America, especially deeds of heroism of Southern women; to unite with Confederate veterans in the endeavor that American history shall be properly taught in the public schools of the states; to erect monuments to heroes of the Confederacy.

Benevolence is our leading work, there being many old soldiers and their families who have drifted out here away from home and a state that cares for Confederate soldiers. We bring sunshine into many homes. We have several who are in need.

We have a plot in Mount Hope cemetery where twenty-two veterans and some wives are buried. Each year, on May 30th, we hold appropriate services and decorate each grave with evergreens, wreaths and flowers and the flags of the Confederacy and flags of the United States. We are planning to erect a monument to our dead on the plot.

We meet the first Friday of each month, at the San Diego Club House, Ninth and Broadway, excepting the summer months of July and August.

Our present officers are: Mrs. Kathryn Carter Blankenburg, president, 3685 Eighth St.; Mrs. Mary K. Carter, first vice-president; Mrs. Mattie S. Davis, second vice-president; Mrs. Cella Reinhardt, recording secretary; Mrs. Harry C. Woodward, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Mary D. Goodwin, treasurer; Mrs. J. D. Nicklas, registrar; Mrs. Mary R. Wright, historian.

ZLAC ROWING CLUB.

The Zlac Rowing Club of San Diego is the oldest and largest rowing club on the Pacific coast having a membership entirely composed of young women. It was founded over fifteen years ago, and has grown from the original four members to a number considerably over one hundred. The officers of the Club are:

Mrs. Warren M. Crouse, Commodore.
Mrs. Marcus Lyon Miller, President.
Miss Marion Mitchell, Vice-President.
Miss Willowdean Chatterson, Secretary.
Mrs. Albert A. Frost, Treasurer.
Miss Fanny Jessop, Housekeeper.

The Club is composed of seven crews, each with its own coxwain and crew officers, and the rowing is done in forty-foot, eight-oared barges, of which the Club owns two. There is much rivalry between the crews, and the sight of the two barges, manned by the crews in black and gold, is a familiar one on the smooth waters of San Diego Bay.



Do Not Miss This Charming Place

JESSOP'S GIANT CLOCK—On Fifth street, in front of Jessop's Jewelry Store, stands a giant clock—the most unique in America. It is 21 feet high, and on its huge dials tells the time simultaneously of the principal cities of nations all over the world. It took 15 months to build it—at a cost of $3,000—all the intricate parts being made in the Jessop shop. It is jeweled with San Diego native gems. It is one of the interesting sights of the city. The firm is glad to furnish free colored postals of this clock to visiting tourists.

OLD MISSION—Seven miles from Fifth and Broadway can be reached by carriage. One of the most historical and interesting places in the country. It was founded by Junipera Serra, Father of the Franciscan Order. The adobe walls of the old mission are relics of a bygone period. The old bells are still in the belfry, and can be seen by the tourist. An Indian school is conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph.

POINT LOMA—The road from San Diego to Point Loma is one of the best in the bay region, and the trip may be taken by carriage or by the watetr route. The trip affords a succession of delightful views and no better outing can be imagined than one to Point Loma, taking in the Lighthouse, where at low tide one may gather a variety of sea shells; and from the promontory sheltering San Diego Bay, view the entire city of Coronado, and, with the quaintly-shaped Coronado islands, the superb panorama of land, ocean and bay is a delight to the lover of nature.

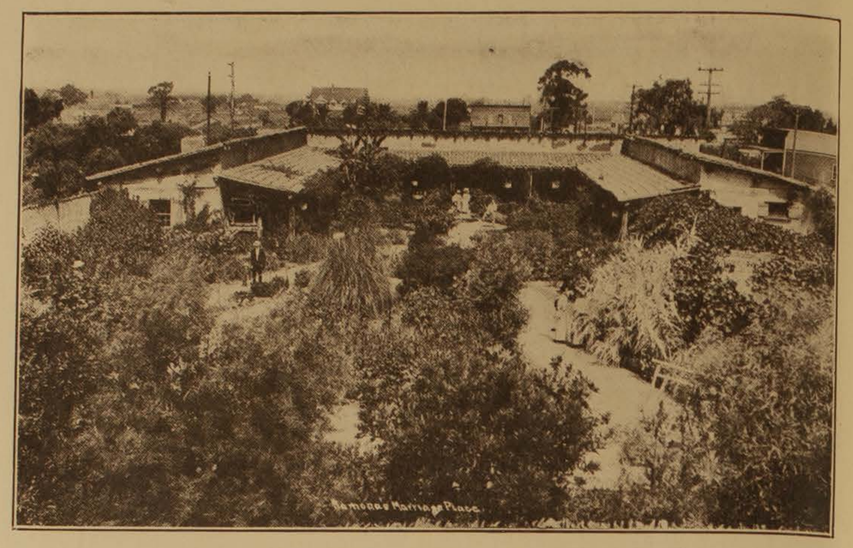
LA JOLLA—(La Ho-ya), two thousand population—which for climate, scenic and sanitary conditions is matchless, is reached after a few minutes' ride from the center of the city, along the shores of our beautiful harbor and ocean front. Thousands of tourists annually visit this beautiful suburb—some to enjoy a season of rest and pleasure in this favored locality, and some for just a brief view of the many attractions to be found here. No one should leave San Diego without seeing the caves, the bathing cove, Alligator Head, and Witches Cauldron and the never-to-be-forgotten view of mountains, valleys, plains and sea from the top of Mount Soledad. La Jolla has her golf links, club house and reading rooms for the entertainment of visitors, and the exhibition and the Biological Station is well worth a visit.



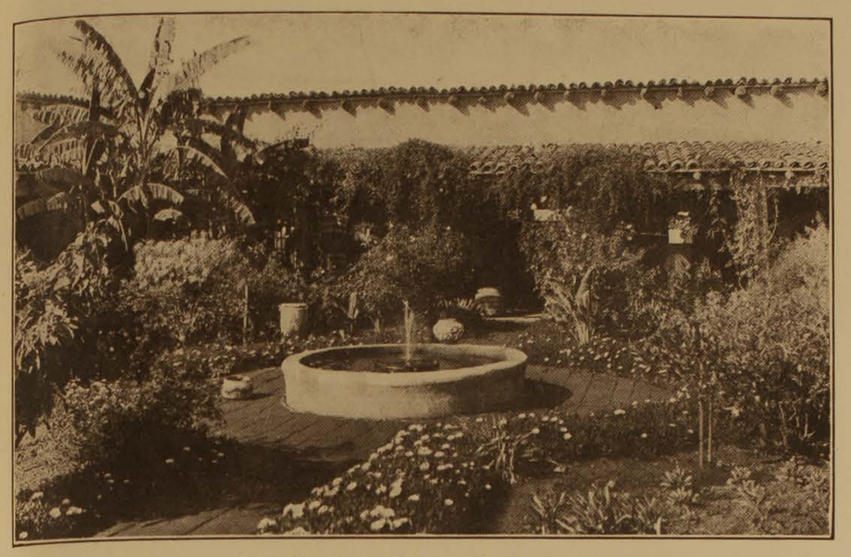
National Highway







Ramona's Marriage Place



Fount and Garden—Ramona's Marriage Place



Indian Lace Maker
Pala Mission

The Don't-Miss-Places in San Diego

Suggested by the Kingdom of the Sun

Laces for the world, made in Southern California, and by Indian women

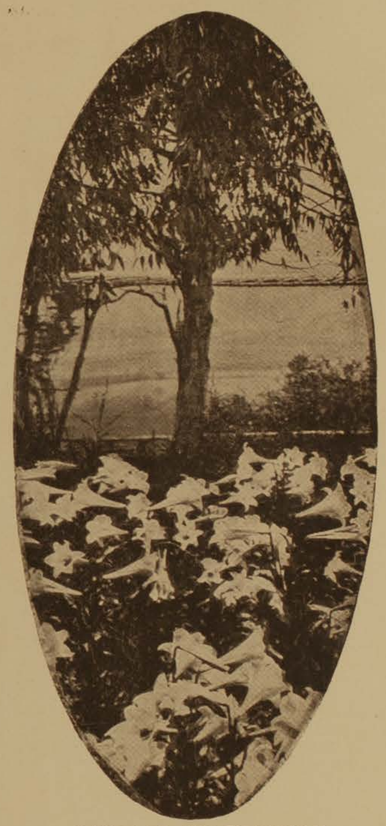
At the Pala Mission it is now possible to buy the beautiful foreign laces made by our own people, and made with the same firmness and evenness, and in the same beautiful old designs as are found in the best lace-making districts abroad.

It may be wondered why the Indian women should be fitted to do this delicate and exact work, but anyone who has ever watched the making of a fine Indian basket, knows what patience and precision, and what innate sense of art is required for the success of such work.

Wishing Well—Ramona's Marriage Place

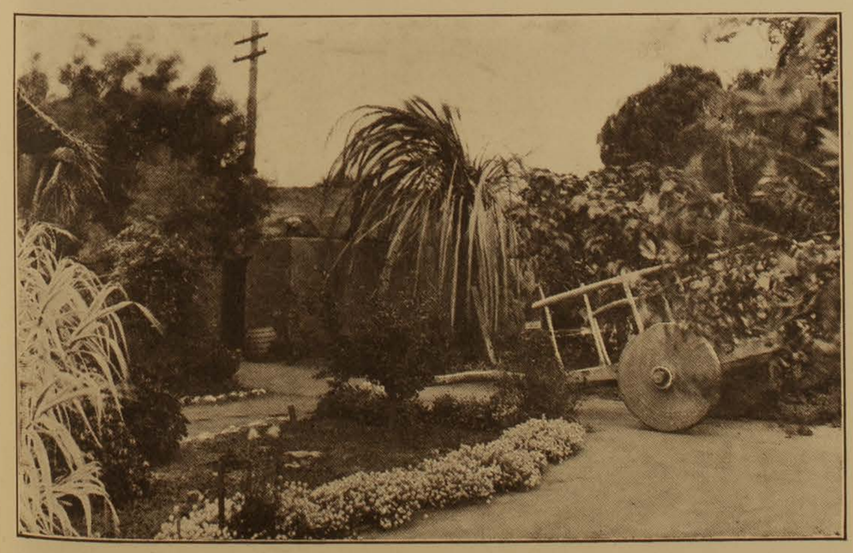


OLD TOWN—The most hallowed and historical spot in all California—where the brown robed Franciscan Father, Junipera Serra, first planted the cross in 1769—where a monument marks the spot where General Fremont first planted the United States flag in 1846. Here you will see the old chapel and the bells brought from Spain in 1802; the picturesque old dam built by the early fathers; and the first palm trees planted in California; the old grave yard; the old jail; the first brick house; old Fort Stockton, and the "Marriage Place of Ramona," now restored to its former condition, with its thick adobe walls, heavy mission timbers, its hide-bound rafters and beautiful flowered court yard. Here you can see California as it was a hundred years ago, hear the interesting stories of the Missions and see the oldest collection of Indian Mission pictures in the world, besides many other interesting features. Old Town is reached by cars marked "Ramona's Home," Route 8, leaving down town every 15 minutes.



Lilies at the Beautiful
Mission Cliff Gardens

Carreta—Ramona's Marriage Place.



THE YUCCA PALM OF THE DESERT

Where the Kingdom of the Sun is Edited



A rare specimen slab of the Yucca, showing its peculiar configurations, now used in its desert home, to display the name of the magazine

The Yucca is the hardest known wood, and several saws were broken in the effort to secure this unique section from a mammoth Yucca tree

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington, the greatest authority in America on vegetation and animals indigent to the many various countries and soils, after exhaustive investigation declares there are but two regions on the globe where the yucca grows—the mesa lands of Asia, near Thibet. and in that section of what was once known as the great American desert—Southeastern California and parts of Nevada and Arizona. And it is seen at its best in the portion of the desert lands in San Bernardino County.



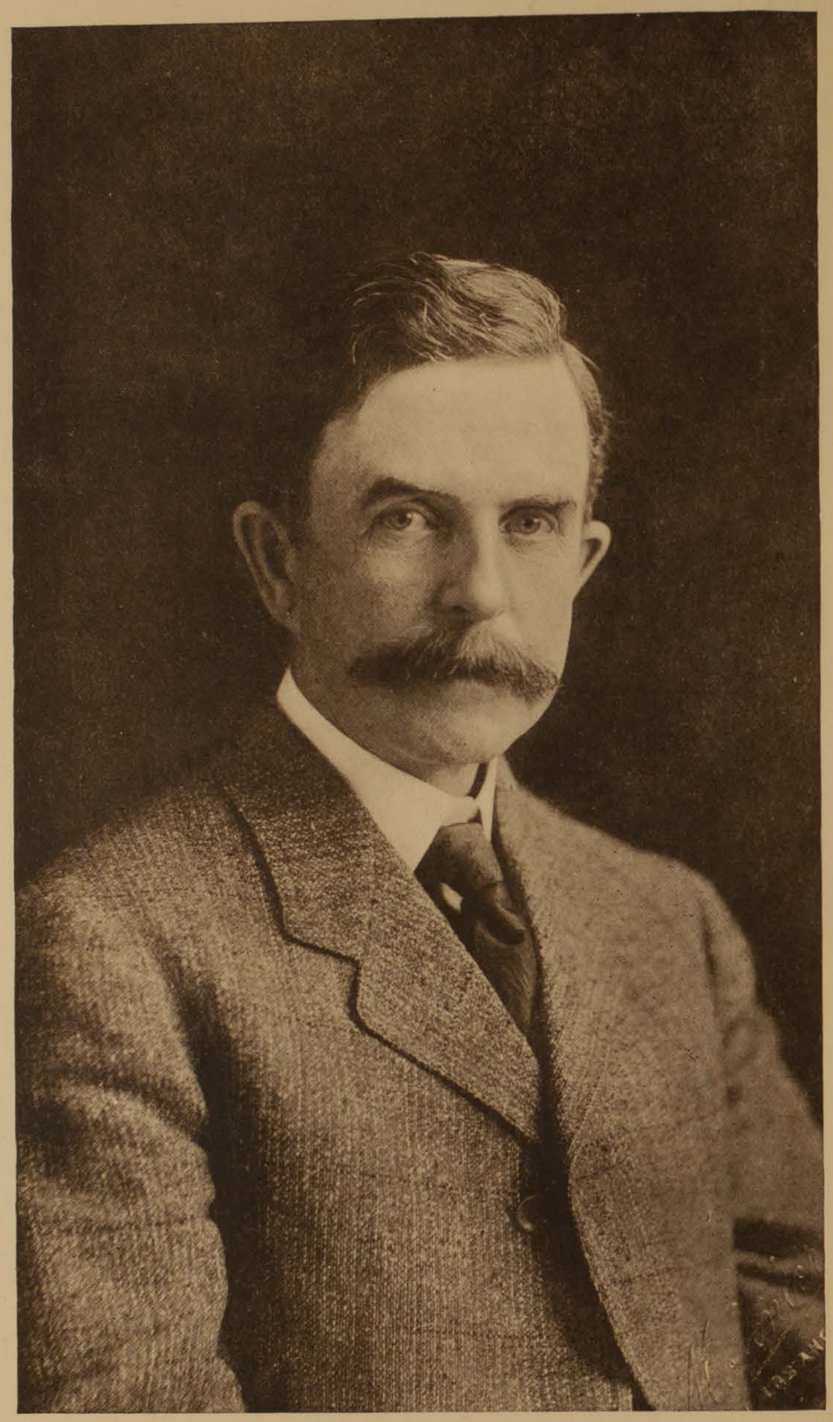
W. M. IRWIN

Publicity Representative and Exposition Commissioner for San Diego County.

A genuine booster for Southern California, and San Diego in particular, Mr. Irwin enjoys the merited reputation of producing desired results. The success he has met with in publicity work for San Diego County and the Southland is in great measure due to the fact that he believes "the truth about California" is good enough, and the least misrepresentation is strictly tabooed. All matter receiving his sanction as chief of publicity can therefore be relied upon as being trustworthy and dependable—a policy and a desideratum that will receive the hearty commendation and support of the interested public.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BUILDING



JOHN S. McGROARTY
Poet and Historian

California has ever been the Mecca toward which the artistic and literary temperament has been irresistibly drawn—and brilliant has been the galaxy of men and women that have made names for themselves in the literary world, who have succumbed to the lure and fascination of its romantic history and have come to abide with us. In these latter days there has come to us another such gifted soul, the poet and historian, John S. McGroarty, who has drank deeply of the Pierian spring of California's romanticism and cast into delightful imagery and beauty the story of its Missions.

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE GREATEST ENGINEERING TRIUMPH OF THE AGES AND MOST WONDERFUL ACCOMPLISHMENT OF HUMAN ENDEAVOR IN ALL HISTORY THE BUILDING OF THE PANAMA CANAL

THE SAN DIEGO PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION
OPENS WIDE ITS PORTALS
AND INVITES THE WORLD TO JOIN WITH IT
IN CELEBRATING THIS EPOCH-MAKING EVENT

DEDICATION PRAYER

O LORD, our God, Thy mighty hand hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land may praise arise to Thee.
Fulfill the promise of her youth, her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth America befriend!

The strength of every state increase in Union's golden chain,
Her thousand cities fill with peace, her million fields with grain.
The virtues of our mingled blood in one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood, America befriend!

O suffer not her feet to stray; but guide her untaught might;
That she may walk in peaceful day, and lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor, unequal ways amend;
By justice, nation-wide and sure, America befriend!

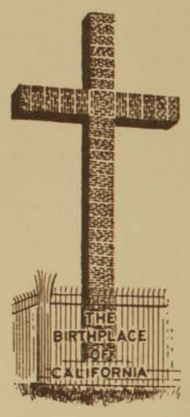
Thro' all the waiting land proclaim Thy gospel of good will;
And may the music of Thy name in ev'ry bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea, Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity, America befriend!

—Henry van Dyke

NEW YEAR'S MCMXV

THE CALL OF CALIFORNIA.

By John S. McGroarty



Of old she called with her lips of song,
She called with her breath of musk
From peaks where the sunlight lingered long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk;
She called to the seas with their tides of tang,
To the ships of the far-off fleet,
And they came in the lure of the song she sang,
With their white sails, to her feet.

So, like a mother with bursting breast,
She claimed the brood of the seas,
And the flaming lips of her wild love pressed
Upon them, about her knees;
She crooned them to sleep on her bosom fair,
Where their happy hearts were lain,
And they laughed in her eyes that wrapped them there,
Like their old, warm skies of Spain.

Again she called, from far away,
Over desert and mountain keep,
In lands where the wind-swept prairies lay,
And the ice-clasped torrents sleep,
They heard her voice, like a golden chime,
And in dreams they saw her rise
From the golden streams in a golden clime
'Neath the blue of faithful skies.

Yet, oft in the light of the mellow moons
From the jaspered heavens hung,
'Mid the tinkle of soft Castilian tunes
And bells from the Mission rung,
She dreamed of her bounty brimming o'er
With its largess of field and plain,
And then from the sweep of the sunlit shore
Her fond lips called again.

They came, and she dowered with spendthrift hand,
The hopes of their wildest dreams,
And she flung at their feet the golden sands
That slept in her shining streams—
Saxon and Teuton and Celt that trod
The paths of her treasured springs,
With shoon of silver their feet she shod
And clothed them in robes of kings.

So hath she called with her lips of song,
Of old, with her breath of musk,
From hills where the sunlight lingers long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk;
And so from her soul's unwearied love
Rings the voice with its olden thrill;
From the seas below and the desert above,
She is calling, calling still.

—John S. McGroarty, writer and owner of the Historical Mission Play, staged at San Gabriel.



THE SEVEN SOUTHERN COUNTIES.

Written for the Kingdom of the Sun.

Five years ago the city of San Diego was equipped with a 1,400 acre park with which it did not have the vaguest idea of what to do. The principal reason was that only politeness and local pride allowed the use of the word "park" as a title. In reality it was 1,400 acres of adobe soil cut by two deep canyons and several ravines opening into them. There was a flourishing growth of cactus and sagebrush, and along at one side were a few pepper trees gasping for breath and wondering when it was going to rain.

Today this is Balboa Park. The entire upper mesa is covered with white-walled buildings, surmounted by domes and towers and arches from which old mission bells swing. The streets and plazas are lined with trees and lawns and flowers. On the buildings are growing a thousand vines—not vines which are green for a few months of the year, but vines which grow the year around, and all that time bear brilliant blooms, crimson roses and purple bougainvilleas and gold and white flowers with still more startling names.

This is the site of San Diego's Panama-California Exposition. For five years it has been building, and the soil which formerly baked hard and dry has been plowed and harrowed and drenched with a sea of water, and set out with trees and shrubs and vines. In that section of the country, the extreme southern tip of the California coast, there is never frost in winter, nor severely hot weather in summer, nor protracted rainy season nor destructive gale. No reasonable flower could help growing twelve months in the year. If the makers of the calendar had supplied fourteen or fifteen months, there would be a fourteen or fifteen months' growing season.

Climate has been the steadiest worker on the staff of the Exposition, and also has been the most effective. Strong as are the appeals of many other phases of the work, the most vivid impression is that of the extraordinary beauty of the scene, the rare harmonizing of the buildings with the natural setting. Get the picture in mind. Realize that from the whole expanse of mesa one looks to north to south and east and sees the snow-capped peaks of California and old Mexico, or looks to the west and sees the rolling Pacific, less than a mile away, and sees it all under the amazing blue of the southern California sky. One walks or rides up the easy grades from the waterfront and arrives at the edge of the Canyon Cabrillo, thick with palm and slim cypress and acacia and eucalyptus. Far beneath is a quiet pool, and from the pool rise seven great arches, their level tops the surface of a long bridge, its approaches decked out with flowering shrubbery. Across the bridge—the Puente Cabrillo—the road leads into a memorial archway, and on the other side of that the city of Old Spain is spread out.

That is the definite impression. Perhaps there is something in the balmy air, the fragrance of the flowers or the oranges, the cry of the birds in the canyon, the languor the northerner feels once he strikes the southern coast, but whatever the artificial aid the impression is a dreamy one of the old Spanish city of three or four centuries ago. This first plaza has a great cathedral at the left, a somber mission at the right. But flowers are there, pigeons flutter about the high tower and swoop about the arch where a couple of old, old mission bells are swinging. Cowled monks stalk solemnly along the arcade, a caballero, brightly clad, saunters about the cool patio from whose shady alcove comes the tinkle of a mandolin or the click of a castanet—and then around the corner dashes a troupe of Spanish dancing girls with a whirl of skirts and confetti.

The Exposition might have built the "established" sort of structures, and in doing so produced something entirely without special interest or material value. Instead, the design was for a typical Spanish Colonial City, partly in the somber mission style, partly in the more ornamental residence style, partly in the gorgeous splendor of the ornate cathedral. It is a rare tribute to the possibilities of Spanish Colonial art that the several types of the general school blend in such astonishing harmony. The principal feature is that these buildings, whose construction is the first important renaissance of a fine old school of architecture which has been undeveloped for more than a century, are in perfect harmony with the landscape. It was in Southern California that the Spanish mission reached its heights of beauty.

And exactly as the architecture of this Exposition Beautiful is new, the idea back of the whole Exposition is new.

Back in 1876 Philadelphia held a Centennial Exposition to celebrate the one-hundredth year of American independence. That started the exposition idea in this country, and from time to time other cities have held their world's fairs. In beautiful buildings there have been housed exhibits of the varied industries of America and of other lands, manufacturing of every sort to show the advances made from earlier days.

A few years ago the department of agriculture came to a realization that it was about time for some real attention to the dominant industry of the country, for an exhibit that would show what the American farmer was doing and what other American farmers ought to be doing and why there should be a larger movement back to the land. And every one of these exhibits has been housed. Every one has been able to show only the products of the farm, and it cannot be said that the result of the land shows has been anything except to show the products of the farm without stimulating to any great degree a rejuvenation of the great basic industry of civilization.

San Diego, remember, is the first port of call for steamers which travel up the Pacific coast from the Panama Canal. That means that San Diego should benefit most largely from the canal, and that, by reason of proximity and by comparatively easy mountain grades, it is through San Diego that the development of the southwest must come. With this realization the Exposition started out to contribute its share to developing the southwest, and doing so, by showing to the world what the southwest holds for the future.

The agricultural exhibits of the past, the stimulants to a "back to the land" movement, have been failures in large measure. It was decided that this could be traced to exactly the same state of affairs which sent world's fairs visitors home with an excellent impression of the Pike or the Midway and no impression at all of the exhibits. In brief, the exhibits were not interesting. There was no reason why the visitor should remember them.

At San Diego there was developed an understanding that there was nothing about an exhibit of tea boxes, or canned goods, or stacks of oranges that could hope to compete with the Circassian beauties or the dogfaced boy or the Streets of Cairo when it came to attracting the crowd. None of the stock exhibits were materially different from exhibits that might be seen in the grocery store or the factory around the corner back home. And so a new idea came about, an Exposition of "processes, not products," something that would interest the visitor and keep him interested.

Take the case of the agricultural features for example. At every world's fair there has been an exhibit of agricultural implements, maybe a few of them, maybe a large number. They were standing in a hall, and occasionally a demonstrator wheeled them around so the visitor could see them from a new angle. Except that they were in a new setting, they might just as well have been at one of the factories' salesrooms. The man who intended to buy new machinery, who went to the fair with that definite plan in mind, probably took an interest in the exhibit, but he would have had quite as much interest in a visit to the factory salesroom. The general public passed without a pause.

Well, that is not the way agricultural implements are exhibited at San Diego. Down on the Alameda there is a big tract reserved by the International Harvester Company. From a distance you can see the crowd gathered about it, and the crowd is standing still and looking with interest, looking not at standing machinery but at machinery in operation.

The tract has been sown to different cereals and forage crops. Each day some big horse-drawn or motor-driven machine moves down the tract, and the visitor sees how the up-to-date farmer plows his land or cultivates his corn or harvests his wheat. Now that is of interest to the progressive farmer. He will get a new idea. He will see probably one little step in the procedure that saves a few minutes in every hour or a few cents in every dollar of gross revenue.

And it is of interest to the farmer without so much experience. He will see where he can save several minutes and many cents. He will see that the new idea is adding to gross revenue, or that it is cutting down operating expense—in either case swelling net revenue, which is the main thing. He will see that it is possible not only to make money but to do it with less strain on his own physical resources.

And there's another man that is going to be interested, the city man who wants to go back to the land and wants to take his wife and children with him. He has a hazy recollection of his boyhood on the farm or the stories he heard his father tell about work on a worn-out farm in New England before the days of scientific soil cultivation. He heard about rising long before the sun and setting long after the sun and working all the time just as steadily as the sun ever shone. Also he heard about the small return and the semi-annual spasms of meeting a mortgage payment. Those recollections had dampened his ardor to go back to the land.

Now let that man look at the San Diego exhibit. Indirectly he has heard that times have changed and that the farmer of today is quite a different man from the farmer of yesterday, but he hasn't been able to grasp the difference. Let him go to the outdoor exhibit out in Southern California next year, and let him see with his own eyes what the change is.

He will see a machine doing in one hour exactly what it took his father and five hands a full week to do. He will see a piece of ground covered so fast that the farmer does not have to worry about cutting over the meadow lest it rain before he can get his hay in. The reason is that he can get his crop cut and cured and stored before night. He will see every grain of corn utilized and every bit of "waste," as his father called it, made to serve its purpose for another crop. Old P. D. Armour of Chicago used to tell his friends that his stockyards "used everything but the squeal." The farmer of today is just as good an economist as the veteran packer was.

This same city man, who wants to go back to the land but is afraid to risk it, is going to see a lot more, enough to keep him standing by that enclosure all day and the next day, and spending the evenings in between doing a lot of thinking. He is going to see those painful recollections swept away. He will find out that the farmer's life is not all labor and sorrow, that he does not have to keep his nose incessantly at the grindstone, that he does not have to worry at each meal over the mortgage payment due. A great light is going to dawn about him.

That is a fair example of the methods. Other expositions have had tea exhibits—of painted boxes. San Diego's tea exhibit is a plantation of growing saplings, sent here by Sir Thomas Lipton, with Singalese gardeners to tend the plants and strip and cure the leaves, and Singalese girls to serve the finished product. Other expositions have had large display of oranges. San Diego's exhibit is a citrus orchard, blooming and bearing an abundance of oranges and lemons and grapefruit and kumquat where the visitor can reach out and touch them on the trees. The exhibits of the crafts show the Indians weaving the rugs and shaping the pottery, the Japanese working at their crafts, the Russian peasants at their Koustarni arts, the vast variety of American crafts, all in the making. These are exhibits which count.

Wherever possible, the exhibits are out-of-doors. A country where man lives outdoors throughout the year can afford to put most of its exhibits out in the open, and in doing so guarantee a little better attention than the best indoor exhibit could have. Probably the out-of-door display, merging with the astonishing horticultural display along the canyons, is the most interesting single feature of the Exposition.

Directly east of the Alameda, where most of the outdoor exhibits are placed, is the Isthmus. In other days it was the Pike or the Midway, but it is still extant, and very much so. With the exception of the long roller coaster and one or two old-timers of like indispensable character, everything on the Isthmus, from the Calle Ancon to the Calle Colon, is new, the villages of the Pueblo Indians and the wandering tribes, the Hawaiians, the Mexicans, the Chinese quarter, the reproduced mining camp of the gold rush of '49, the southern plantation where some double-X black mammies are preparing real southern corn pone and similar delicacies as fast as the Mexicans down the street are cooking their tamales. There is plenty on the Isthmus to interest.

But, more important, there are other things to interest, and the belief is that these other things are going to be of permanent interest and permanent value to the visitors and to the southwest. It is a big spectacle that San Diego is presenting to the world, and a mighty stage for it. Also, commencing on January 1 and remaining open until the tap of midnight that announces 1916, it is a spectacle that can be seen when it is winter or spring or summer or fall—elsewhere. In San Diego it is always June.

THE CALIFORNIA POPPY.

Flower of the west-land with calyx of gold,
Swung in the breeze over lace-woven sod;
Filled to the brim with the glory of God
All that its wax-petaled chalice can hold,
This was the birth of it: on the brown plain
The sun dropped a kiss in the footprint of rain.

—Rose Hartwicke Thorpe

THE ENTRANCING DESERT

By Judge T. S. Van Dyke.

Few imagine that there is a vast area in the United States where a big house is a nuisance and those who have one spend most of their time outside of it both day and night, where people travel more and farther and see more that pleases the eye than in the lands of abundant rain. Pierre Loti shows plainly in his writings that he loves the desert as well as the Arab and those who live on the deserts of our country soon learn to like the free out-of-door life in spite of many disadvantages.

MUCH PATIENCE—SOME CAPITAL

The desert is no place for the ordinary pioneer with a few hundred dollars, and there is plenty of tribulation in store for the man with thousands. The extreme dryness of the air seems to stop the pollination without regard to the amount of water at the root. Almost everything that can be raised has to be handled differently from that in the rainy lands, or even in the semi-arid lands, and one must have money enough with which to live until he learns, or he will have a rich foretaste of eternal torment.

With money, patience and a study of conditions, the rose will blossom and the desert can be made beautiful as well as profitable far beyond what is known as profit in the rainy lands. But this is not the beauty of the desert. It is something surpassing that and due to the absence of water, instead of the abundance of it. On the deserts of Arizona and eastern California the air is so dry and rain so rare that even dew is rarely seen.

CLOUD BEAUTY.

Except for a few mornings after a rain, not a trace of dew can be found at daybreak, even on the leather wagon cushion. The consequence is that the air is so transparent from lack of moisture than even the few clouds that sometimes fleck the blue are clearer in outline, with more depth and purity of color, than those of the skies, while their rapid evaporation at one elevation and quick formation in another, make a variety of action unseen elsewhere. Sometimes cumuli gather suddenly on the horizon and mount toward the zenith in all the tints of opal and pearl, make a vast display for an hour, and instantly fade into the blue. Sometimes clouds form suddenly above one and drop a misty veil, wavering toward the earth and vanishing in evaporation before reaching it, and at long intervals a genuine storm may give a good rain, but nine-tenths of the days throughout the year are clear and half the rest would be called fine days on the Atlantic Coast.

MIRAGE LAKES

Heat, dry air, bright sun and flat ground are the conditions of a mirage worth seeing, and on the level parts of the deserts they form such perfect imitations of water and trees that those who think them essentials of a good landscape can see the reality improved on.

The best are on the great flats at the mouth of the Colorado River, where leagues of ground are perfectly level and bare. Silvery lakes studded with little islands surrounded by shrubbery suddenly rise to view, not miles away, but only a few rods, with ducks drifting within shooting distance on the smoothest of water and solemn bitterns along the shore.

Heavy vegetation deadens artistic color, in summer the more delicate tones being drowned in a sea of green, and in the autumn lost in the glare of violet tints that, compared to those of the desert are like the blasts of a trumpet to the tenderest notes of a human voice. It also destroys too many of the lines of the hills, the infinite number of which on the desert make vibration of light and disintegration of color that please the most exacting artist, but leave him in despair when he attempts to reproduce the effects.

Vegetation makes too many flat surfaces. For color at its best value you must go where there is not rain enough to make vegetation that can bind the soil, so that as fast as it is formed by the decomposition of the rocks it is carried off by the winds and occasional rains to the plains below. This allows all the minerals of the hills to beam with power undimmed, while the air is so clear that great mountains vanish only in the curvatures of the earth with the gulches that seam their sides showing both depth and outline at fifty miles or more. When intense heat makes the air quiver so far above the surface of the plain that everything is seen through its rapid vibration, then color warps the hills in harmonious gradations and blendings more subtle even than those the setting sun can weave on fleecy clouds, all in infinite softness, yet allowing every cleft and crag to retain its distinctness of line.

WONDERFUL LIGHTS AND SHADES.

In the coolness of morning, when the sun swings like a ball of fire over the eastern ranges, quartz ledges glitter like the angles of an iceberg, iron runs the scale from palest rose to deepest carmine as the sunlight leaps from crag to crag, and brightening lights from the red oxide of copper chase each other over cliff and scar until the whole seems glowing with celestial fires. But when the air begins to dance in wavy lines of heat, the bright red of iron is softened and the red oxide of copper is clouded with gray, while the green of the carbonate shifts and live quartz fades into silvery gray, and lime, cobalt, antimony and other minerals blend their varied hues with the rest and form a color harmony that the desert alone can show.

And, as the air vibrates more and more under the ascending sun, a golden haze sometimes steals over the whole until at noon it seems a land of dreams, sleeping under guard of a thousand enchanted castles. But often this haze is blue—not the blue of distant mountains in the rainy countries, which is generally a change only in the green of vegetation, leaving a mere flat surface, something we rarely see on true desert. This blue is a light tint of cobalt through which all the colors of the hills, with every line, angle, gulch, and spur, are seen as plainly as at any time. The effect is much like that of looking through blue glasses, and cannot be imitated by any kind of paint.

A COLOR CLIMAX.

Evening often brings the climax of all coloring. As the sun nears the horizon the rugged ranges of porphyry and granite seem to move out of the slumbrous veil of noon and take a tender pink on every tower and castle with soft tints of hyacinth in every canyon and basin. This pink sheen steals over every ridge and spur, and when the sun has almost touched the earth's farthest verge, the whole shifts rapidly into strontium fire with the blue deepening in the depressions, and just as the sun sinks crimson subdues the glow of strontium and the blue of the depths shifts into velvet. Then, as the last beams weaken in the glowing west, crimson and purple spread rapidly over the whole, lasting a moment after the sun is out of sight. Light tints of rose beam on the further hills a little longer, but the nearer ones change rapidly to dull red, brown and gray, and the brilliant show is over —lasting at its best from three to five minutes.

NATURE PAINTING.

This is one of the strangest of all light effects. The sun is not red at all, though sometimes a faint orange in a sky of deeper orange or bright yellow. There is no red upon the hills like that seen sometimes on a window glass from a red sun. You can see the gray or brown of the hills with every line and crag as clearly cut as at any time. And between you and the hills ten or twenty miles away you can see rosy mists as you sometimes can on the coast of California. You can discover no carmine or rose or strontium in the air in any direction, and the best effects are not opposite the sun, but often at quite an angle to the path of its beams. The sky behind the mountain is always opal, yellow or green—never blue—of transparency most marvelous, becoming more so as the green or yellow grows stronger as the light fades over the earth. No paint can come within sixty per cent of the light on the hills, even on ordinary evenings. The thinnest and most transparent of water colors is a sorry muss compared with the reality, and on some evenings the color is so high and so pure that any painting of it is simply ridiculous. The conditions for the best display are a perfectly dry, still air, free from any trace of dust, which, on my part of the desert, are most common in the evening of a warm mid-winter day.

NO PEST OF INSECTS.

Such surroundings, with almost total absence of mud or ice, or snow, make outdoor life easy on the greater part of the desert. Where I live there are no fleas, bed bugs, moths or mosquitos, and such is the case generally, though mosquitoes may be bred in places where by bay irrigation and in some parts of the bottoms of the Colorado River they need no irrigation. But in every place I know there are enough house-flies in spring and fall to balance the account. The house-fly scientist who tells you that flies breed only in filth, by destroying which you will get clear of them, could learn something here where filth is an impossibility. A beefsteak two inches thick, thrown on a line, will dry up sweet in a short time at any time of the year, and stable manure is like shavings from kiln-dried lumber in a planing mill. The abundance of flies is coincident with the amount of annual vegetation —that is, on the amount of rain, that it is quite clear their breeding in some way depends upon it. When we have rain enough to make plenty of flowers in spring we have flies, not by the hundreds or thousands, but by the million. This year, with few flowers, but more stable manure than ever, there are hardly any. It has been this way during the eight years I have been here, and in a year of flowers you may find them in swarms where no trace of man or any of his works, or any filth or rubbish of any kind, can be found.

The heat of summer really makes the desert still more an out-of-door land. There is little use of trying to avoid it by staying in the house. You are generally more comfortable outside in the shade and breeze. The one who suffers most is the one who sits around and fans and takes cooling drinks. As heat is our most valuable asset, we accept it with composure. Heat, sunlight and water practically on tap, are what makes farming on the desert so profitable, and on most of it the loss from rainy weather, hailstorms, etc., is nominally nothing. The elevation—two thousand feet—and the extreme dry air, with a breeze a certainty, make it quite endurable, and alfalfa gains fifty cents an acre per day over cooler climates. It is the land for perfect health. No children's diseases, colds, coughs—and epidemics of all sorts are almost unknown during this summer heat.

DESERT GARDENS.

Though there are places where scarcely a living thing of the animal or vegetable world exists for many a league, the desert is not all desolation. In many parts one who loves out-of-doors and the study of nature can find plenty to amuse him. There is no place where one can go or cut-across crosslots so easily as here, even with the automobile, and over much of it even a bicycle can comfortably be run. It takes but a short time to see a country just as nature left it, no sheep, no fires, no devastation of any kind, no track of man, no hoboes' nests, picnic rubbish or billboards. In Spring, after a light rainfall, much of the desert is gay with poppies, evening primroses, lilies, bluebells, daisies and scores of other flowers that make a rapid growth and flower, even though they can not make a stalk of quarter size. A little later the perennials bloom without regard to the amount of rain, some like the creosote-bush, a number like the rose family, with its sunny green leaves covered with garden bloom almost as large and bright as if there had been abundant rain.

Many plants seem at first but a sorry attempt of nature to atone for her great failure of moisture, yet most of them one learns to love as much as some of the more imposing displays of other lands. Few greens surpass the feathery delicacy of the greasewood and mesquite. The rosy flower that tips the straggling arms of ecatilla would be attractive in any garden. Few greens are more refreshing than that of the pala verde, illumined with the bloom of spring. Waving afar like a golden torch through the dancing heat, the towering plume of the mescal opens new views of nature to one who thinks he knows her well, and among the blazing rocks that almost rival the sun with their fiery radiation, the green arms of the petaya, or great zahuaro, rising far above all else, teach him the art of pinning his artistic faith to the land where he was borned.

One learns to love even the cactus, which at first glance is so forbidding. Almost every variety bears a lovely flower, some bearing a close resemblance to the rose, and varying in color from the purest gold to creamy white and from deepest crimson to the tenderest pink. On some the flowers are nearly three inches across and so dense as to hide the thorny limbs that bear them. The marvel is that the flowers are about the same size and quantity after a winter of practically no rain as after the ground has had a fair wetting. It is much the same with the fruit, which never fails on the prickly pear and a few other varieties. Few imagine that it is good to eat and people have died on the desert from want of knowledge. By impaling it on a sharp stick you can cut it off and peel it with a knife very quickly, without touching any of the spines.

WHERE THE ORIOLE SINGS.

In most places there is far more animal life on the desert than one would suppose possible. Brilliant lizards flash over the driest ground and delicate little wrens and thrushes flit among the spines of the cactus. The mockingbird and the oriole sing us their songs of spring, and the meadow lark soon appears when you get an alfalfa patch started. The horned lark and the linnet, with many a sparrow and fly-catcher, are here and the chaparral-cock and the liveliest little chipmunks ever seen scamper about by day, with the whipporwill, the bat, and the owl pitching about in the twilight. And who would suppose that the dove was a lover of the desert? You may think you have seen doves before, but you never did. He is far more in love with leagues of barrenness than with the summer green of the rainy climates. In years of rain, enough to produce an average growth of the annuals, he is here in surprising numbers, breeding in the thinnest brush of the rockiest hills and traveling miles for water. In some parts the white-winged dove of Sonora, a lovely bird, larger than the common dove, also comes to spend the summer, and sometimes the delicate little Inca dove, in soft cinnamon and ashes of roses with shell-shaped edgings, crosses our southern barrier to keep the others company. It is one of the last places where one would expect to find the quail, yet Gambol's partridge is found in great numbers in some parts and is scattered almost everywhere there is brush, cactus, rocks. How this bright combination of blue, black, and chestnut can thrive in the hottest sun, without ever a drop of water that you can discover, and ply his little legs over scorching rocks at a pace no man can follow long, is one of the many puzzles of this dry region.

ANIMAL LIFE.

Coyotes, like foxes and even wildcats are found here, with the cottontail, of course, and the hare runs the sun a race out of bed, just for fun, on a blazing morning; sits all day in shade little better than that of the spider's web, and in the evening, skips gaily forth to run the sun another race to bed.

Though the antelope and the mule deer are both found in spots, it is not on true desert—but who could imagine that the mountain sheep loves the dryest, roughest, barest and hottest of all hills of earth? Yet he was once everywhere on the fiery ranges that traverse the desert, and may be still found happy and fat on the ragged hills, whose soaring crags blaze with such intensity in the morning sun and beam at evening with all the tenderest tints of lilac and rose.

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The Fredericka Home for the Aged

The inception of the Fredericka Home is due to the genius of Mrs. Emma R. Saylor, to whose indefatigable zeal and tireless energy is due the gratifying success of the institution. The principle contemplated is that of co-operative partnership, which secures as absolute independence for the inmates as is compatible with effective government.

The ambition of the founder was to establish a great colony of old people of both sexes, to create a retreat with the home atmosphere predominating, yet with various interests that would bring out their best, securing to them by careful and sympathetic use of their activities, the greatest possible amount of interest in life, and giving them a proprietary right in the Home they are helping to create.

For such a Home no more ideal site could have been chosen than that now occupied at Chula Vista, which has been rightly called the "Riviera of the Pacific."

The buildings stand in the heart of a fifteen-acre lemon and orange grove and command a magnificent view of the mountains, ocean and the bay of San Diego.

The privilege that the members have of building a two or three-room bungalow near the main building is a delightful one, and gives the occupant of these cottages a privacy and exclusiveness very much desired.

The Fredericka Home Association was founded by Mrs. Saylor, initiating a contributary system of insurance, which credits to the subscriber any amount given, which shall be available for entrance money in the event of such subscriber desiring to become a member later in life.

The members of the Association not only secure themselves against a lonely, homeless old age, but are doing their share to make the colony the greatest institution of its kind in the world. It is confidently believed that when the ambitions and plans of the Association are more widely known, the benevolent will assist them.

The optimistic ambitions of the founder are gradually being realized. She has planned a wonderfully beautiful, complete and harmonious Home and has demonstrated that her ideas can be made a practical reality, for nowhere is there another retreat for the aged where there is less cause for dissatisfaction or discord.

The ideal climate, with constant sunshine and blooming flowers, makes the place their mecca, adding to their years, which are made brighter and happier by being passed in nature's finest environment.

A few years ago the beautiful McNabb Hospital was completed, Mr. McNabb presenting the gift to the Home at the dedication.

It is one of the most modern Hospitals and Sanitariums on the southern coast, containing a scientifically perfect Operating Room, a modern Electro-Hydro-Therapy Room, and X-Ray and Laboratory Department. Also a specially equipped Obstetrical Room and Nursery. It has a fifty-bed capacity, with beautifully furnished private rooms and four seven-bed wards, all bright and sunny, opening on the beautiful and well kept grounds of the Home.

This Hospital is operated as a General Hospital, giving thereby a revenue to the Home, as well as care to the members when ill.

WHAT SUPPORTS THE HOME.

The first $20,000 received as entrance fees to the Home was made the nucleus of a sinking fund, which is invested in securities, paying 6 to 8%. To this fund has been added the bequests, and all money received specifically for the purpose of enlarging the endowment fund.

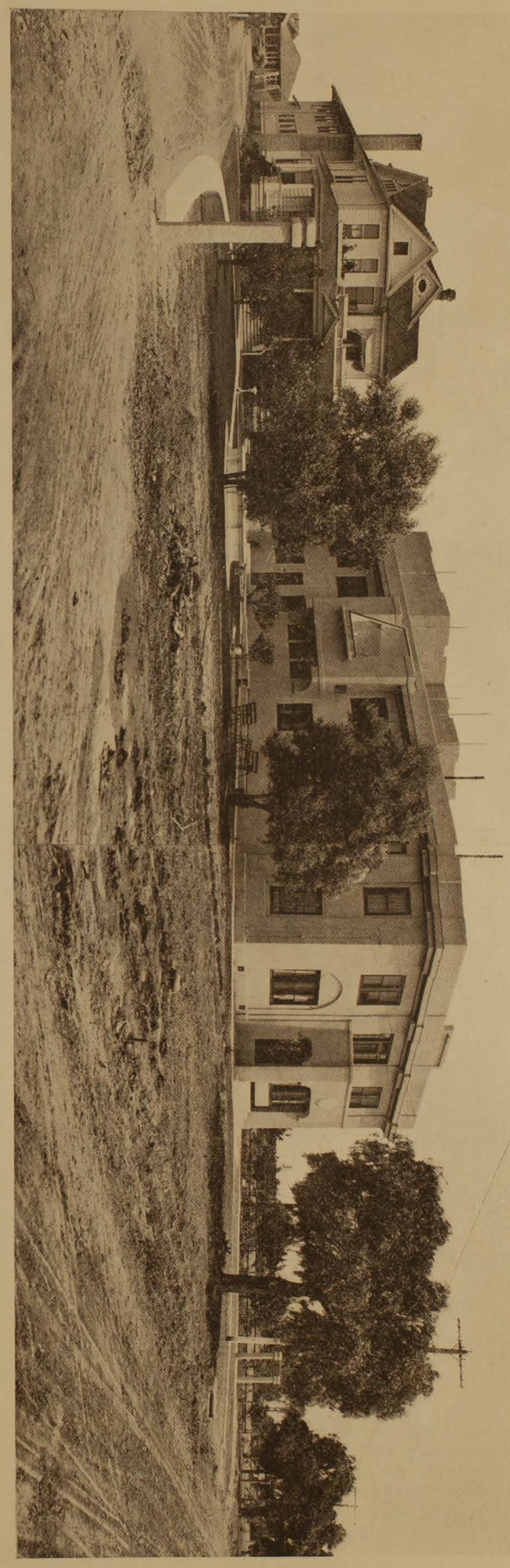
The heirs of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Timken, make a generous monthly allowance to the Home towards its support. An income is also derived from the ten-acre lemon ranch, that is part of the Home property.

The profits of the McNabb Hospital is an important item, besides giving the members the best possible care during their illness. The Fredericka farm supplies the Home and Hospital with vegetables, fruit, eggs, milk, poultry, squabs and rabbits.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION.

It is not necessary to live in San Diego to become a member of the Association. By subscribing to the sinking fund any amount, payable at once, or in monthly, quarterly or yearly installments. The amount so subscribed will be credited to your account when you are eligible to enter the Home. A member of the Association can name a beneficiary under his or her subscription, but only the one designated so will be credited with the amount so subscribed. Every dollar does a two-fold good; it helps to support the old of today and provides a Home for the subscriber if it is needed. Help to eliminate the need of charity by showing your friends how to care for old age that may come to all. Support the co-operative idea and do your share in forming the ideal colony of old people and to sustain the work so well begun by Mrs. Saylor.

Any information regarding the Fredericka Home for the Aged, asked of Mrs. Emma R. Saylor, Managing Director, 317 Timken Building, San Diego, California, will be cheerfully furnished.



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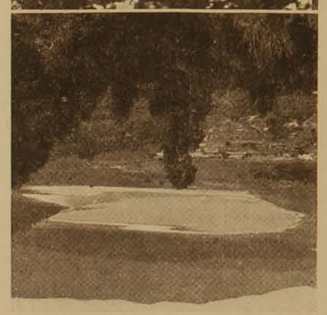
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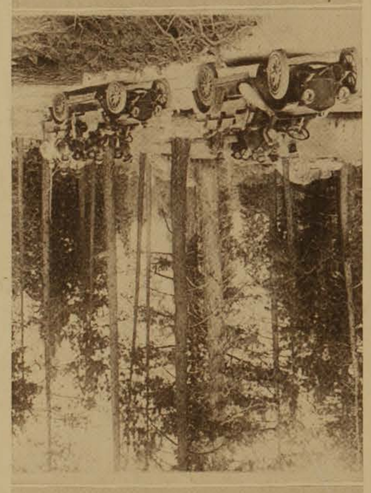




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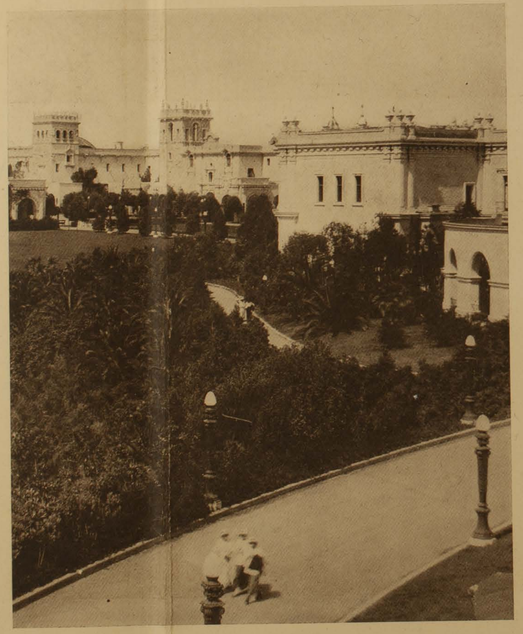
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Some of the Beautiful Spots in the Exposition Grounds.



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SAN DIEGO

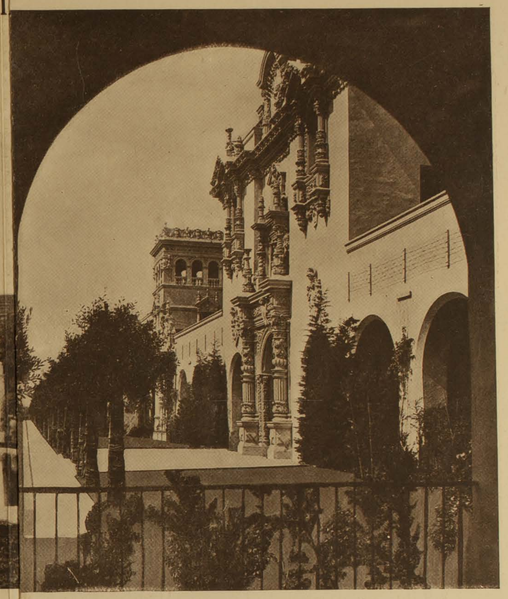
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Botanical Building.



The Mission Bells of the Arts and Crafts Building, San Diego



Front Entrance Foreign Arts Building.







n Valley, San Diego County, fifteen miles

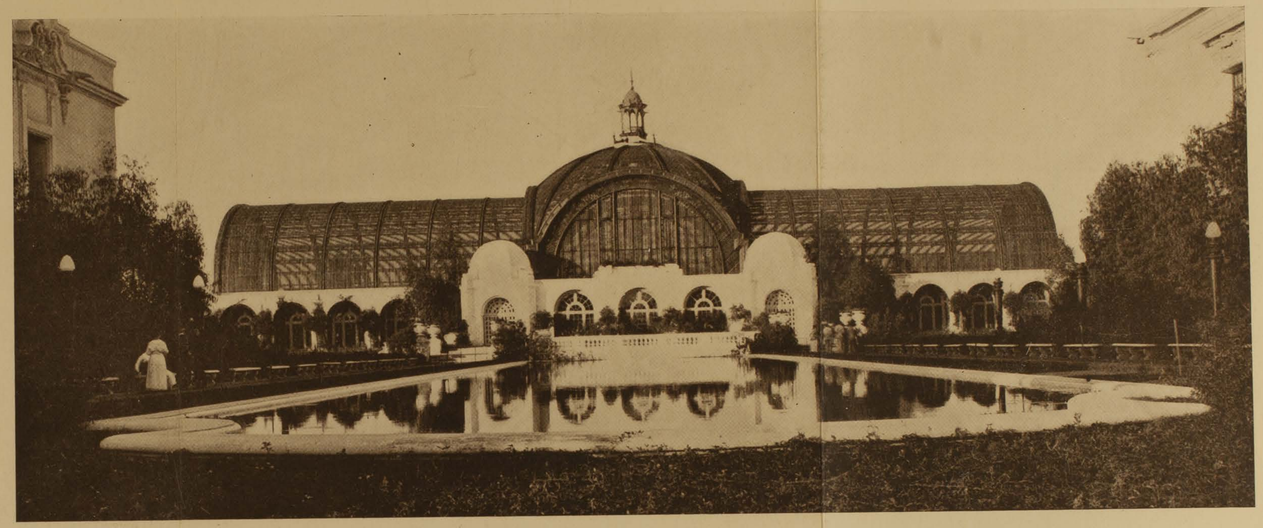




THE EXPOSITION BEAUTIFUL

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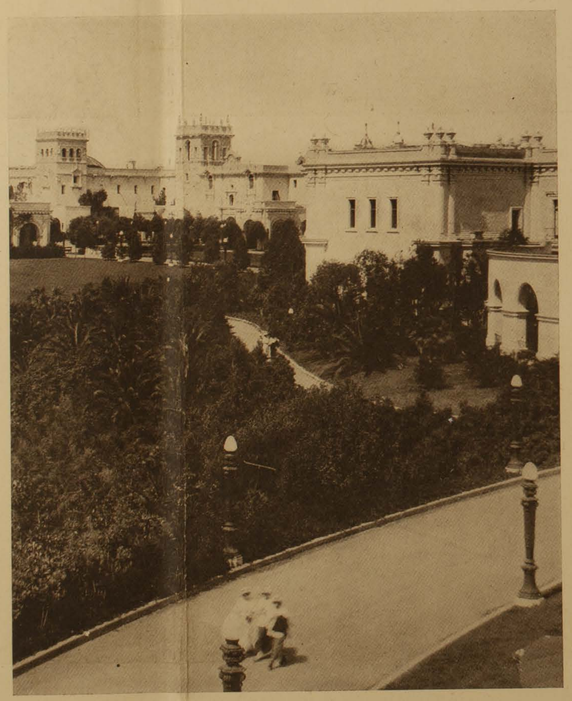
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Botanical Building.



Some of the Beautiful Spots in the Exposition Grounds.





The Mission Bells of the Arts and Crafts Building, San Diego Exposition

THE EXPOSITION BEAUTIFUL

SAN DIEGO

1916



The approach to the West Gate of San Diego's Panama-California Exposition, with the beautiful California Building in the background. Across the Puente Cabrillo, here shown, throng the many thousands of visitors who come to enjoy the beauties of San Diego's incomparable Exposition.



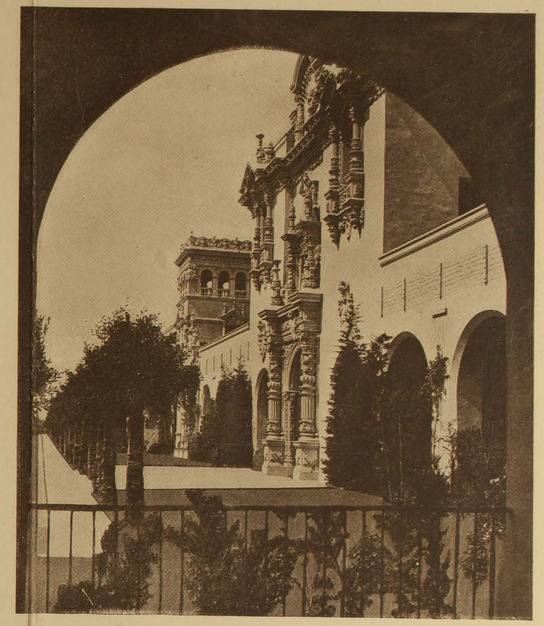
Patio Science and Arts Building.



A Glimpse of the Buildings Surrounding the Plaza.



Magnificent Seven Counties Hall at San Diego Exposition.
One of the Don't-Miss Places of the Exposition Beautiful.



Front Entrance Foreign Arts Building.



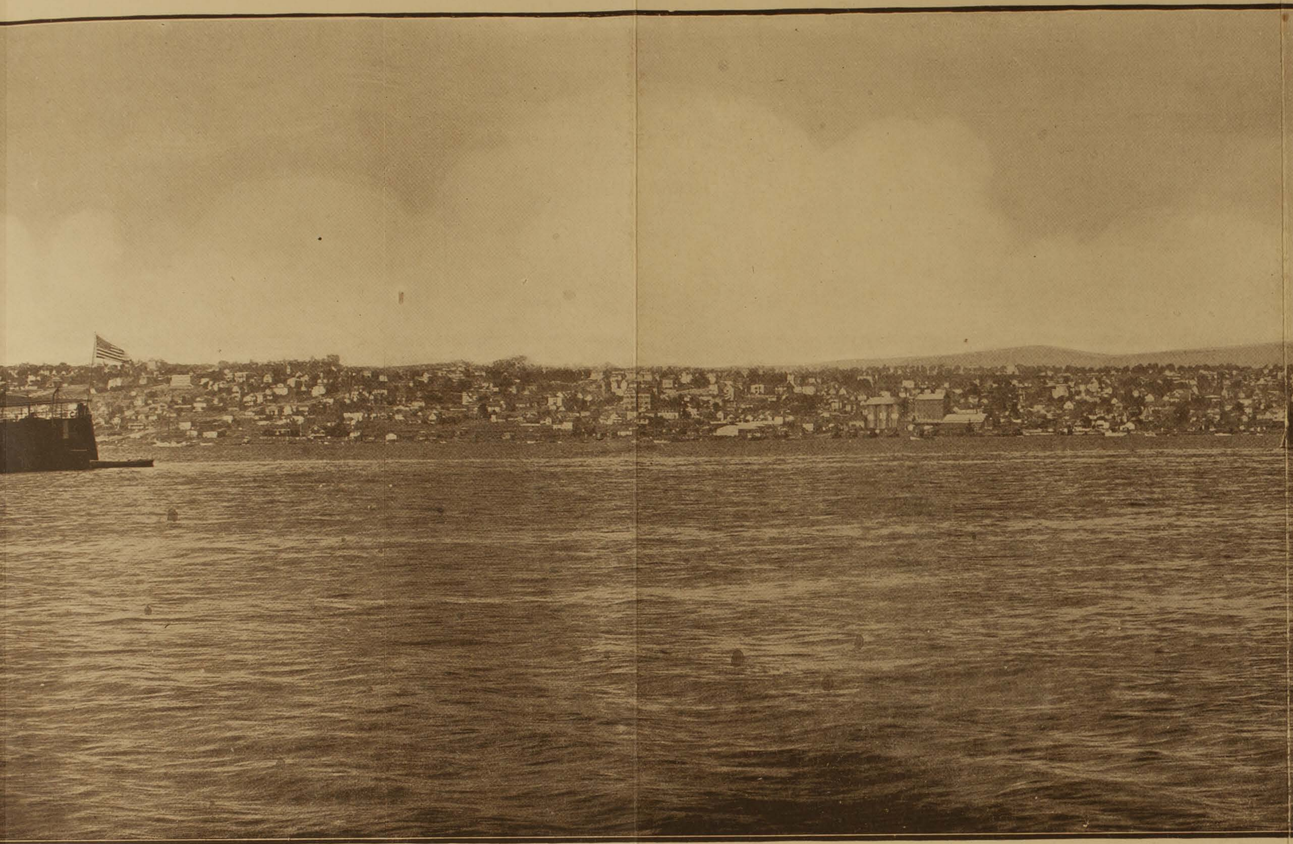


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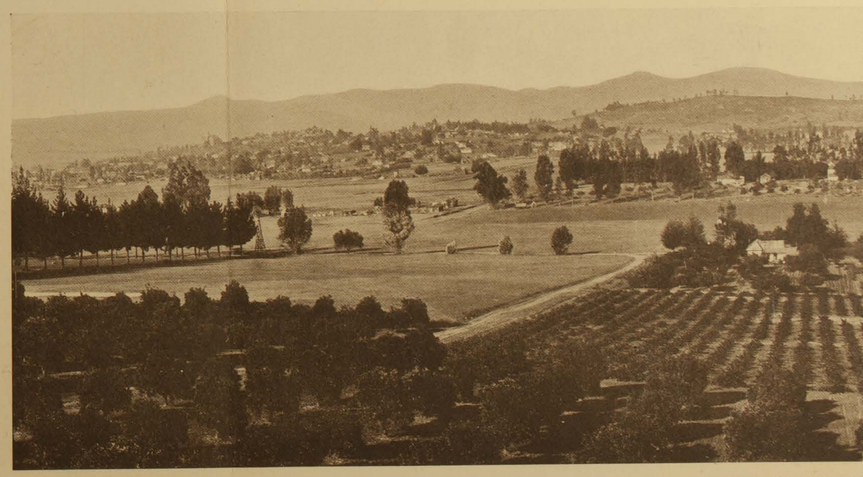


HARBOR AND CITY OF SAN DIEGO

San Diego Bay has an area of twenty-two square miles; is the first Pacific American Port of Call north of the Panama Canal; is one of the ten great natural harbors of the world and is absolutely free from storms at all seasons of the year. San Diego, in July, 1915, had a metropolitan population of 109,195, and is the greatest all-year-round natural playground of America.



on Valley, San Diego County, fifteen miles east of San Diego



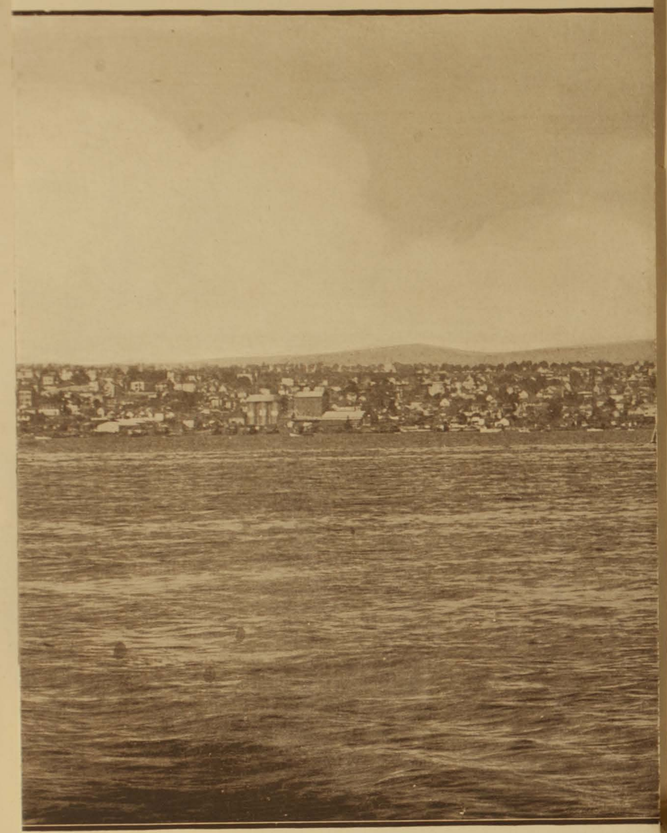
Escondido Valley, th

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Escondido Valley, the Sun-kissed Vale, thirty-four miles north of San Diego



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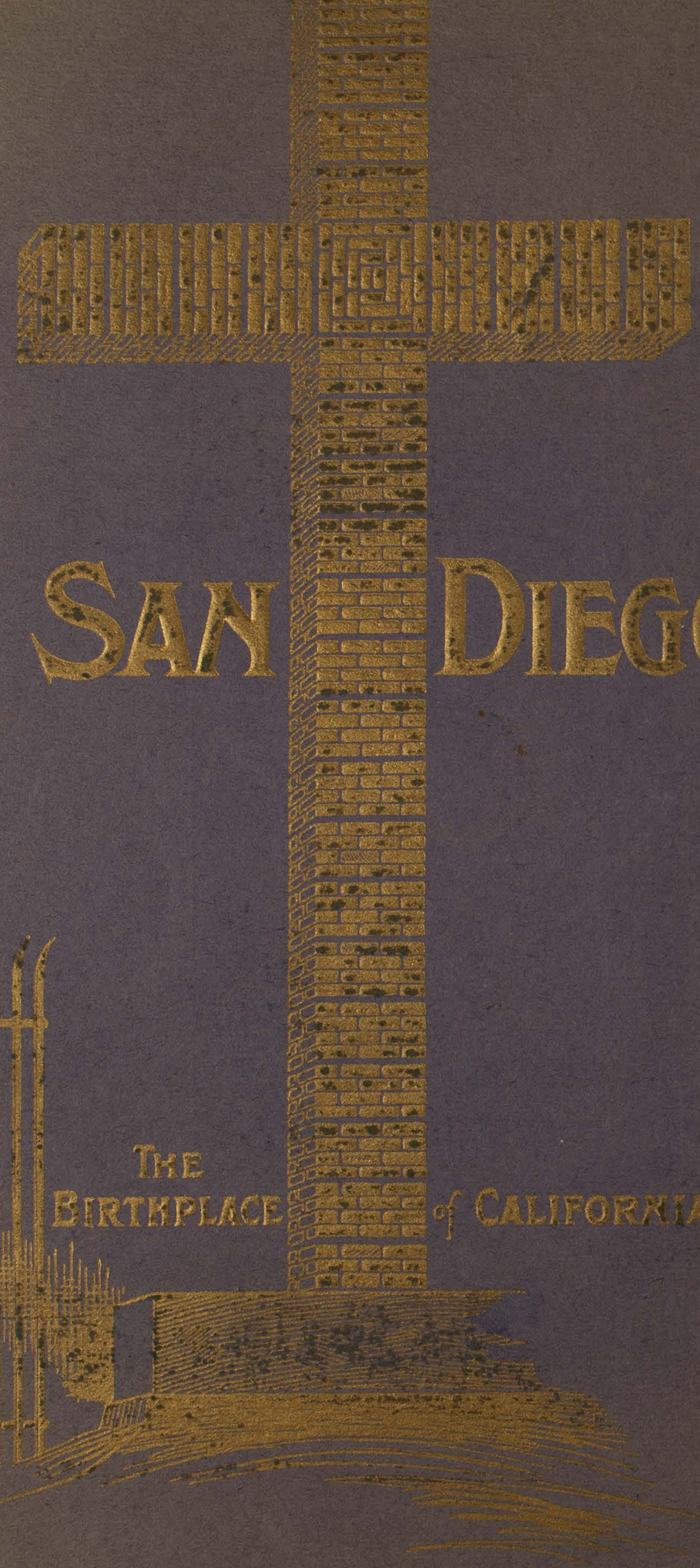
PUBLISHED
BY
LILLIAN D. GREGORY
"MESALAND"
ORO GRANDE, CALIFORNIA

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